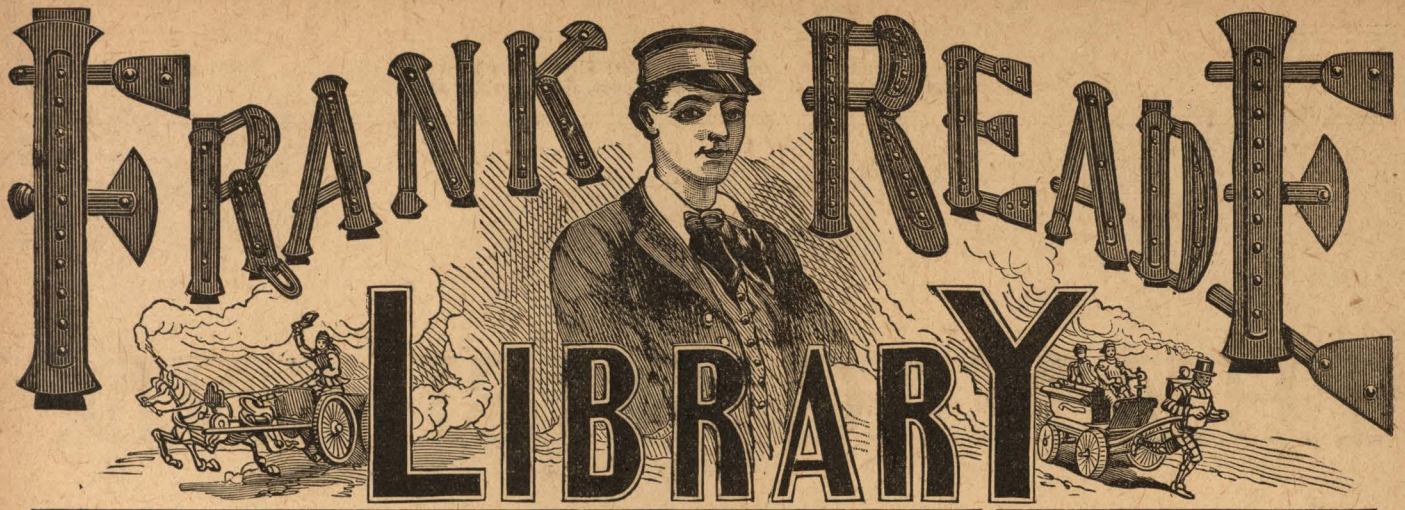


"Noname's" Latest and Best Stories are Published in This Library.



Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, October 5, 1892.

No. 144. { COMPLETE. } FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 34 & 36 NORTH MOORE STREET, NEW YORK. { PRICE 5 CENTS. } Vol. VI.
New York, October 16, 1896. ISSUED WEEKLY.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1896, by FRANK TOUSEY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

THE MAGIC ISLAND;

Or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Deep Sea Trip of Mystery.

By "NONAME."



At this moment, as the adventurers were gazing intently at them, they suddenly turned their faces. Barney and Sam Sin, with yells of terror, shrunk back. Even Frank was startled. The faces of dead men could not have been more hideous, more uncanny and unreal.

The subscription price of the FRANK READE LIBRARY by the year is \$2.50; \$1.25 per six months, post paid. Address FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

THE MAGIC ISLAND;

OR,

FRANK READE, JR.'S DEEP SEA TRIP OF MYSTERY.

THE STORY OF A SUBMARINE CRUISE.

By "NONAME,"

Author of "In the Black Zone," "The Unknown Sea," "Over the Steppes," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

SAM SIN'S STORY.

It requires but a few words to introduce to the reader, Frank Reade, Jr., and his two devoted followers, Barney and Pomp.

The former we have heard of as the greatest of living inventors. The pretty little city of Readestown was where he lived and had his wonderful machine works and made his famous inventions.

Among these were the Air-ship, the Steam Tally-Ho, and now rumor had gone forth that he had just perfected the greatest of all wonders, the Submarine Boat. A description of this latter invention which is to figure largely in our story we will give later on. For the present we will give a few incidents leading directly up to the plot of our story.

Barney and Pomp, Frank's devoted henchmen, were one day wandering along a street in Readestown. As usual, they were chaffing each other in a good-natured way.

"Be me sowl, nagur, av your feet wor any larger they'd be no chance on this sidewalk for me," declared Barney, mischievously, as Pomp accidentally struck his foot with his own, and nearly tripped him.

"Huh! Yo' kin cast all de reflecksuns on mah feet dat yo' wants to," sniffed Pomp, "but dar's one fing, dey ain' like yo' head one bit."

"Eh!" exclaimed Barney, at once wide awake. "Phwat's that yez say? Why, I'd loike to ask?"

"Bekase they don't swell!"

Barney made a good natured biff at the darky, who nearly went into an open bulkhead. There might have been a little scrap over the matter then and there, but suddenly Barney whistled.

"Hould on, naygur, there's a cop on that corner, an' he'd bate the loife out av us wid his club if he see us foightin' in the strate!"

This checked Pomp, and the two jokers braced up. But just at this moment they were confronted with a huge red sign.

"SAM SIN, CELESTIAL LAUNDRY."

"Ah!" cried Pomp, "I'm jes' gwine in an' see mah friend Sin!"

"Yez are?" asked Barney.

"Yes, sah."

"Well, if yez see him, an' he's afther seein' you the way Ah Sin saw Bill Nye, thin ye'll be afther goin' broke fer a toime. Is Ah Sin his brother, shure?"

"Oh, yo' go on—you're jes' too funny!" cried Pomp, giving Barney a touch with the toe of his boot and dodging up the steps.

Barney at first was inclined to pursue him. But he finally desisted and went his way.

Sam Sin, a tall and well formed specimen of the Mongolian race, with an inscrutable face and an affable manner, politely greeted his visitor.

He turned from his work with the sad-iron and starch to say:

"Comee in, muchee glad slee you, Mistler Pomp. Sittee down, stoppee while."

"Jes' fo't I'd drop in an' hab anudder talk wif yo', Sam," said

Pomp, sitting down on the bench opposite. "Jes' reckon I won't be in dis yer town a heap ob a while longer."

"Tellee me so!" exclaimed the Chinaman, in a deprecatory way, "me hopee you stlay. Good friend to Sam."

"Yas, sah, yo' an' I hab been berry good friends, Sam," said Pomp, impressively, "but yo' hab heered ob dat ole song,

"'Fo' de bes' ob friends must paht,'

"An' I done reckon Marse Frank he be startin' off somewhere berry soon wif his new submarine boat. Dar ain' no suah fing dat we'se gwine to always return from dem highfalutin' trips!"

Sam dropped his iron, and, arms akimbo, faced Pomp.

"Hi, hi, Mistler Pomp, you say Mistler Reade he habbee his new boat allee ready for saillee, saillee undler de sleef?"

"Undah de sea? Yas, sah," replied Pomp.

"Mehbe he saillee allee 'lound de world?"

"Jes' as loikes as not, sah!"

Sam appeared intensely excited. He raised his slant eyes to the ceiling, and then cast them down to the floor. He whistled softly, and turned around twice. Then from a drawer in the bench, he drew a lot of paper covered with Chinese characters.

Pomp watched him curiously.

After he had studied these awhile, Sam turned with an odd light in his eyes, and said:

"Me not allus keep laundlee," he said. "Once time, Sam Sin, he whatee you call captain, big junk, saillee allee over China Sea. Know allee ebery part ob it. Saillee allee lound among islands an' Sam know all."

"Is dat so?" cried Pomp. "Fo' de land's sake; ah nebber tuk yo' fo' a sailor befo', Sam!"

"Yep, Sam heap muchee sailor man. Go eberywhere, neber come back wifout big cargo, lots ten, spice, sugar, trade eberywhere in China Sea."

"Yo' don' say!"

"Yep, an' Sam hab velly hard time at Sunki-Chow, heap velly queer island. Muchee magic, bad spirit lib dere. No use Chinaman dribe 'way; cum backee, kill Chinaman, an' den—no know how, no more see bad spirits—haunted allee samee Melican man say heap ghostees!"

Pomp's eyes stuck out like moons.

"Does yo' really mean to say dat island was haunted, mah friend?"

"Yep; muchee hanptled. Heap ghostee!"

"Yum!" exclaimed Pomp. "I don' believe Ah would like fo' to lib anywhere near dat place. Ain' got a partikle ob likin' fo' ghostises!"

"Samee here!" cried Sam. "but mebbey Mistler Reade he fin' outee allee 'bout ghostee. Chinees Emperor he payee big slum—heap monee, kill ghostees an' catchee allee samee!"

Pomp began to fathom the Chinaman's meaning.

"Oh, I see," he exclaimed, slowly. "Yo' mean dat dem ghostises mebbe am real live ghostises, an' dat Marse Frank mebbe cud gib dem

a chance to leave dat island, or fin' out anyway wha' am de mystery ob de place!"

"Yep, yeppeel!" cried Sam, excitedly, "de mistlee, dat am it, de mistlee, heap big mistlee."

"Well, I done speak to Marse Frank 'bout dat to-night," agreed the coon. "Mebbe he wud jes' as soon make a cruise to de China Sea as anywhere else."

Sam's eyes danced as he gripped Pomp's arm and he waved the sad iron vigorously.

"Blackee man do dat for Sam, payee back some time. Muchee favor! No forget. Sleep?"

"A'right, sah," agreed Pomp. "I jes' do it, sah, an' tell yo' wha' he say."

Then the subject changed. Sam produced a box of cigars and the two cronies smoked for some while socially.

Finally the coon took his leave and went back to the machine works. It was sunset and the workmen were coming out of the shops.

But Frank Reade, Jr., was still at his desk in the draughting room. Pomp could see him through the window.

He hesitated a moment.

Somehow the Chinaman's request looked farcial now that he had time to reflect upon it. Who could say that it was not all a pigment of the fellow's very imaginative brain?

But Pomp was always loyal, so he muttered to himself:

"I kain't anyhow dan be larfed at, anyhow. I don't see no bettah time dan right now."

So he tapped at Frank's door. The young inventor said:

"Come in!"

When he saw that it was Pomp he exclaimed:

"Hello, Pomp! I have at last made up my mind to take a trip with the Deep Sea Mole to the China Sea! I want you and Barney to have all ready for a start by Thursday this week!"

Pomp drew a short, sharp breath. He could have dropped with amazement.

"Fo' de lan's sakes!" he involuntarily ejaculated.

"What!" exclaimed Frank, sharply.

"Nuffin' sah!" stammered the coon, "dat is, I fo'get mah'sef, sah. I done be 'sprised, sah!"

"Surprised?"

"Yas, sah! dat is—dat yo' am gwine to de Chany Sea!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Frank, now in his turn surprised, "is it a matter for astonishment?"

"No, sah, dat is, well, I tole yo' a lily bit ob a story, sah. It am all on account ob Sam Sin, sah, he—"

"Sam Sin?"

"Yas, sah."

"Who the deuce is he?"

"He am a Chanyman, sah. He done keep de laundry down yer on de nex' street. He tole me a great story, sah, about de Chany Sea, an' he ax me fo' to told yo', sah."

Frank now began to catch the drift of Pomp's remarks. He became at once interested, and in a few moments the coon had given him verbatim Sam Sin's story of the Magic Island.

"You say the Chinaman was very much in earnest?"

"Yas, sah, an' I believe ebery word he say am de troof, sah."

"Well," said Frank, slowly, "if it is all true, surely we could find a worthy object in making our cruise under the China Sea. But these Celestials are great romancers, and—"

Before he could finish the sentence, Pomp gave a loud shout. Through the office window he saw a familiar form coming across the yard.

It was Sam himself.

"Golly!" he shouted, "here am de chap hisse'f, Marse Frank. An' now he tole yo' de whole story wif his own mouf. It am Sam Sin."

The slant eyed Celestial in a few moments was presenting himself to Frank, and trying to explain his errand in a confused way. Pomp, who understood his vernacular better, undertook to act as interpreter.

Sam at once impressed the young inventor with his sincerity, and Frank became greatly interested.

He questioned the Mongolian closely, and soon became convinced that he was truthful, and that such a thing as the Magic Island did really exist. This at once decided him in his course.

Until a late hour that evening Frank and Pomp and the Mongolian discussed the project, and it was near midnight when the conference ended.

CHAPTER II.

FRANK DECIDES TO GO.

It was a curious coincidence that Frank had decided upon a trip to the China Sea, at the very time that Sam Sin and Pomp had considered the plan. The young inventor promised to give the Mongolian an answer the following day.

Barney could not understand what it all meant and Pomp delighted to keep him on tenter hooks. The Celt grew angry and curious.

"Be me sowl, I think Mr. Frank must have gone crazy to be afther pickin' up wid a Chineser an' a narygur. Shure it's not very respectable company fer a gintleman loike him."

But for all that, Barney was not averse to hearing the whole story later on from Pomp, who relented long enough to tell him.

The Celt was delighted with the prospect of so long a deep sea trip with the Electric Mole, and the two jokers at once set about in getting everything in readiness.

The Mole was stored in a large building with a high trussed roof. It had not yet been launched.

Great doors opened into a deep tank of water, which was connected by a canal and a series of locks with the river, not far below. As soon as the submarine boat was launched the voyagers would go on board, and the start would be made from this very spot.

So it was necessary to place the stores all aboard at once, and it was Barney's and Pomp's duty to have all in readiness.

And while they are doing this let us take a brief look at the submarine boat which is to figure so prominently in the incidents of this story.

Of course a submarine boat must be a craft capable of sailing under water with ease, and rising to the surface or descending to the bottom with the will of the navigator.

Frank had all these points in view when he constructed the Mole. In short, he overlooked nothing.

The vessel was in shape long and narrow, and built much upon the lines of a yacht. The bow was sharp, however, like the ram of a cruiser. The hull was made of plates of light but tough steel, and in fact, the entire outer work of the craft was of this metal almost wholly.

Just above what would be the water line, when on the surface there was a row of dead-eye windows, which admitted plenty of light to the cabin. Above this deck line rose the dome-roofed structure of the cabin which extended from stem to stern.

In this there were large plate-glass observation windows. Forward was the pilot-house with a small railed deck in front of it.

Over the pilot-house was a hurricane deck, and on this there was placed a search-light of tremendous power, which could be operated from within the boat.

In the rear there was also an open deck, protected by a brass guard rail. The general build, style and appearance of the Mole was light, natty and trim. She was a perfect model of a submarine boat.

But her interior was beyond all powers of description. Her furnishings were of the richest kind and as luxurious as those of a drawing room.

Frank had overlooked nothing in the light of comfort and convenience. He had spent money lavishly in this respect.

There was the main cabin richly furnished, next came the dining salon, the magazine or gun room, and library, and then the state-rooms and the cooking galley.

Below these were the dynamo and engine rooms, with all the delicate machinery, for the Mole was, of course, operated by electricity.

In one small room were the chemist's quarters, and the large generators which manufactured pure air and put it in circulation throughout the boat by means of steel tubes. This was, of course, in use only when the boat was under the water.

The system of storage of electricity by which the boat was operated was one of Frank Reade, Jr.'s secrets. He had been offered large sums to divulge it.

We might go on indefinitely describing minor details of the wonderful submarine boat, but for fear of taxing the reader's patience we will pass on to the exciting incidents of this story.

Frank had fully decided to visit the China Sea. He sent word to Sam Sin that he would accept the Mongolian's plan for a visit to the Magic Island.

As Sam was the only person at hand who knew its exact location and how to reach it, Frank decided to invite the Chinaman to become one of the Mole's crew.

Heretofore Pomp had done the cooking on all trips conducted by Frank Reade, Jr. But as the culinary art was more in Sam's line, it was decided to turn it over to him.

This Sam eagerly accepted, and was beside himself with delight.

"Melican man he be sure to findee out mistlee ob island," he declared. "No Chinee man do dat. Heap 'fraid! Melican man he no fraid de debbil."

So Sam Sin closed the doors of his laundry and equipped himself for the long journey.

Those were busy hours for Barney and Pomp until the submarine boat was ready to start.

She finally slid down the ways into the basin in a successful launching. Then Frank made a careful test of her machinery and all her capabilities.

He found that there was nothing lacking, and was more than pleased with the behavior of the boat. Everything was now complete and ready for the start.

Frank placed all his workmen on half pay and closed up the machine works. He also gave his private secretary faithful instructions in regard to his private business affairs, and how to conduct them until his return.

He was now ready to start. One morning early the Mole slid out of the basin into the canal and made its way down to the river.

In spite of the early start, however, a large crowd thronged the river banks to see the Mole depart. Down the river she glided on her way to the sea.

Sam Sin walked up and down the decks, beside himself with keen but complacent delight. The anticipation of a trip to the China Sea was a most glorious one to him.

"Sam Sin, he sailee dat sea for long time," he declared. "Know allee islands, do heap trading wif big junk, fightee pirates an' getting

berry rich, till Hung Ta Mu, he gleet pirate chief catchee Sam one day and burnee up ship, killee all sailors, Sam swim, getee way in boat, savee neck. Gettee killee sure if Hung Ta Mu catchee him!"

"Do you think Hung Ta Mu is yet roving in the China Sea?" asked Frank.

Sam vigorously nodded.

"Oh yessee, he hab charmed life. Debbil standee wif Hung. Big monee offered for him head. No killee Hung. He too muchee magic an' debbil!"

Something like a suspicion of the truth crossed Frank's mind.

"Do you think Hung Ta Mu has anything to do with the peculiar phenomena of the magic Island?" he asked.

Sam shook his head.

"Not so," he replied, "Hung Ta Mu he heap fraidee too. Neber fin' him near Magic Island. Mo likee magic!"

"Hum!" mused Frank. "We shall see. I think a little different, Sam. However, we will wait until we get to the island."

It was not long before the submarine boat emerged from the river and entered the sea.

Thus far she had sailed on the surface, and in fact Frank proposed to keep on the surface during most of the journey, for he could sail so much faster.

Once in the China Sea he proposed to do some deep sea exploring.

As Frank desired to follow the most direct course to China, he made a straight course for the Strait of Gibraltar.

The trip across the Atlantic in almost a straight line, was devoid of any especially exciting incident.

The little submarine boat proved extremely sea-worthy, and rode the waves like a cork. Her engines were also found capable of developing great speed.

Quite a number of vessels, steamers and ships of all nations spoke her going over, and in nearly every case she was taken for a Government vessel, of the torpedo or dynamite class.

Barney and Pomp were in high spirits, for they liked nothing better than to be on the move. As for Sam Sin, he was at once voted the prince of cooks, and, indeed, outdid himself as chef.

Thus a propitious start upon the great enterprise was made. But the future held many uncertainties.

But when the last head sea was met, and the great rock of Gibraltar loomed up on their lee, the voyagers felt a sense of delight. They were soon passing under the guns of the greatest fortress in the world.

In the Mediterranean they met with smoother seas and a vastly different character of sailing craft. The rakish Moor, the picturesque Italian and lumbering Turkish vessel were the common sort of craft.

It would have been easy to have enjoyed a variety of scenes by stopping at Tunis, Naples, Crete or Alexandria. But Frank was making a through trip, and did not care to do this.

So the Mole kept steadily on to Port Said, and soon entered the Suez Canal.

The passage of the Canal brought them into the Red Sea, and now the Orient began to loom up near at hand.

In due course the Mole reached Aden, and bearing away from Cape Guardafui, headed for Ceylon. They were now in the Indian Ocean.

The usual route from Europe to China, is via Cape of Good Hope, and north of the Tropic of Capricorn during the Northeast Monsoon. South of that line during the Southwest Monsoon.

But Frank Reade, Jr. had no occasion to hold the elements in any kind of respect. The Mole could defy the worst tempest by simply traveling under water. So he launched boldly into the Indian Ocean, setting the elements at defiance.

Had the Mole been a surface craft, he would have paid dearly for his temerity, for they had been hardly three days out from Aden, and were nearing Ceylon, when one morning Barney came dashing into the cabin and called for Frank.

"Shure, sor," he cried, "it luks as if the earth an' ther sky are comin' flat together, sor. I niver seen the loikes!"

Frank at once rushed out on deck. The sight which he beheld appalled him. He could hardly credit his eyesight, and could not help a thrill of terror.

CHAPTER III.

THE TYPHOON.

SAM SIN was walking up and down wringing his hands and muttering in a maudlin sort of way. It was evident that to him the situation presented elements of great danger.

And such a strange and awesome spectacle Frank was willing to admit he had never before beheld.

Barney's assumption that sky and ocean were likely to come together seemed not out of reason.

Great rolling masses of smoky clouds, like a mighty blanket seemed to be heaving overhead, almost within touching distance. The horizon was limited to a brief radius, and the scene was most appalling.

Nothing more terrifying could be imagined. The sea was like a mirror of glass.

Lower and lower the blanket like clouds drooped, and there was an ominous hush in the air.

"Shure, I niver seen the loikes av sich a thing afore, Misther Frank!" cried Barney; "phwat iver is it?"

"It is the typhoon," replied Frank. "We must prepare ourselves for a lively time."

"Golly, Marse Frank," cried Pomp, "looks loike as if the world was comin' to an end!"

"Heap big wind come bellee quick!" cried Sam Sin, excitedly, "tear de sky rightee open, blowee hard, likee debbil, mebbe we be drowned. Slee?"

"I see!" replied Frank with a smile, "but we know a trick worth two of that. One hundred fathoms under water we will never feel the storm."

"Begorra, that's thrue," cried Barney, with brightening countenance. "Shure sor, that's the best thing we kin do!"

This put an end to all fears, for it could be seen how easy it was to set the storm at defiance. But at this moment another unlooked for incident came to pass.

Suddenly from the border of the cloud banked horizon there shot into view a small steamer. She was under full head of steam, and the black smoke from her funnels was forced down even to the surface of the sea by the heavy air. She displayed the British flag.

Frank gave expression to his surprise in a forcible way. "Great guns!" he exclaimed, "she is in a bad way. Loaded as she is with a heavy cargo I don't believe she can outride the typhoon."

"Bejabers, I'll bate it's moightily frightened they are," cried Barney. "Shure an' it's after signalin' us they be."

"That's so!" exclaimed Frank. "Give them an answer."

The steamer had run up a signal flag. Frank at once hastened to answer it.

Then the steamer checked her speed, and the Mole ran up to within hailing distance.

"Ahoy the yacht!" came the hail.

"Ahoy!" replied Frank.

"What craft are you?"

"The Mole, submarine boat, Frank Reade, Jr., of America, owner!"

There was a moment's silence. Then back came the astonished cry:

"Did you say submarine boat?"

"Yes!"

"You travel under water?"

"We do!"

"We couldn't make you out! You Yankees beat the world!"

"Ahoy!" shouted Frank.

"Ahoy!"

"What steamer is that?"

"The Belle of the Clyde, Captain Forsyth, of London, England. We are two days out from Bombay, bound for the Mediterranean with passengers and a cargo of hemp."

"Is your vessel low in the water?"

"Aye, and we are much afraid of the blow which seems likely to come. Can you advise or help us in any way?"

"Only to dump part of your cargo and run close to the wind," replied Frank. "You must trust to fate!"

It was evident that the steamer's people regarded the situation as ominous. But Frank had given them the best advice of which he was capable.

"All right, my Yankee friend," came back the hail, "We may follow your advice. But if we are never heard from again you can report us as being spoken two days out from Bombay!"

"I will certainly do that!" replied Frank. "Good luck go with you!"

"Thank you!"

The steamer fell away and was soon lost in the cloud bank. The submarine voyagers were much impressed.

"Golly!" ejaculated Pomp, "dat am jes' too bad. Laikely as not dey will go to de bottom."

"That is true!" agreed Frank, "but I can see no possible way to give them aid. They cannot abandon their ship!"

"Av coorse not," declared Barney. "Shure, it's to luck they must trust. I hope them lots av it."

"The same!" declared Frank.

And then Barney opened the lever and the Mole shot ahead once more. Every moment the storm culminated. It could not be long deferred.

And its breaking was never forgotten by those who witnessed it. It was terrible to behold.

Thicker and thicker grew the yellow mass of clouds. Until suddenly from the darkness there came a ripping, rending sound, like the tearing of a great field of canvas.

Then the mass of clouds smote the sea and churned it into great white masses of foam. Words cannot depict what followed.

The voyagers had all retreated to the cabin and the windows and doors were all hermetically closed. The little Mole was picked up like a bubble on the mighty heaving waste and hurled onward as if by giant hands.

Frank had one hand on the lever all the while, ready to sink her if there was need. One pressure upon this would open the big tank in the hold and fill it with water to sink the craft.

But the young inventor was desirous as far as possible of witnessing the storm, which had now assumed features grand beyond description.

One moment the Mole was upon a mountain of frothing water; the next moment it was a slide for life down into the trough of the sea.

But the stanch little boat did not seem the worse for the experience, until suddenly Barney shouted:

"Bejabers, Misther Frank, there's another boat!"

This was seen to be true. Down deep in the trough of the sea, there was a vessel, half upon her side and hard pressed.

"The steamer!" cried Frank. "My soul, she will never outride this storm!"

The prediction seemed likely to be verified the next moment, when she was completely submerged. But a second later she came up like a cork, and went racing up the next mountainous wave.

The submarine boat was chasing after her, and Frank could see plainly the peril of a collision. He had half made up his mind to sink the Mole, when disaster overtook the steamer.

How it all happened it was not easy to say.

But suddenly the Belle of the Clyde rolled heavily upon her side, swung around twice, and then went down.

It was a horrifying sight, for our voyagers knew that in that brief moment hundreds of lives went out, even as the flame of a candle.

They were swept from existence all in one fatal second. Friends at home would watch in vain for their coming.

For a moment Frank felt sick and faint. Barney and Pomp shivered, and even Sam Sin turned his gaze away. In that moment they came near sharing the same fate.

For the submarine boat suddenly whirled and went about. She might have foundered in a moment more, but Frank pressed the tank lever.

The next moment she was beneath the waves and going to the bottom as fast as she could; but she was safe, unlike the steamer.

"Whurrol!" cried Barney. "Shure, it's awful sthorms they do have in these seas. On me wurrd, I'd niver care to be a sailor an' take me chances loike that."

"Huh, we'se jes' as apt fo' to git drowneded ourselves!" sniffed Pomp.

"Phwat's that yez say, naygur? Shure, ain't we undher the say now, an' we ain't drowneded?"

"Yah, but s'pose dere come a leak in de Mole, or mebbe we smashes a hole in her. Wha' yo' fink den, sah? I reckon we am done fo' jes' de same."

Barney could not refute the logic of this, nor did he attempt to. He merely granted and walked away.

Sam Sin put his tongue in his cheek and grinned at Pomp. It pleased him to see anyone get the best of the Celt.

Meanwhile Frank had sent the Mole through hundreds of fathoms to the bottom. A wonderful scene was revealed.

When the Mole went under water Frank had pressed a button, and in an instant she was ablaze with electric lights.

The bottom of the sea, therefore, was probably for the first time exposed to light. A wonderful spectacle was revealed.

The bed of the Indian ocean is replete with many wonders. The countless varieties of sea grass, the beautiful shells and coral formations were simply beyond description.

There were great reaches of white sand, bordered with marine plants of the most wonderful species. Denizens of the deep swam right and left as the boat descended among them.

Frank turned on the search light and its rays showed the sunken steamer. She lay on her side on a reef of coral.

Of course nothing could be done for her or her ill fated crew. Their fate was forever sealed.

But the submarine voyagers gazed with strange emotions upon this ill-fated vessel. Many and sad were the thoughts which crossed their minds.

No attempt was made to visit, or even draw nearer to the wreck. It was the impulse of all to leave it to its deep sea grave.

Frank turned the Mole about and headed her away upon the course they had been following when on the surface.

She could not travel quite so fast under the water, but yet she made fairly good time.

At that depth the motion of the storm could not be felt. But Frank fancied that it would not last for long anyway.

So furious a storm seldom has long sway. Its very fury precludes such a thing, and it soon spends its force.

For two hours the submarine boat kept on under the surface. Then Frank decided to go up.

He closed the lever on the switch board, and instantly the pneumatic pressure emptied the tank and the boat shot upward.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MAGIC ISLAND.

WHEN the Mole rose into the air once more, the scene presented was a vastly different one.

The sea was as smooth as glass, but it was night, and in place of the sun a half moon rode in the heavens. The storm had passed.

The voyagers were glad enough to emerge on deck and breathe the balmy air once more. It seemed a relief.

The depression incident upon the loss of the steamer soon passed away, and all were again in good spirits.

"We shall make Ceylon before to-morrow night," declared Frank, as he lit a fragrant cigar.

"Me bellee glad," cried Sam-Sin gleefully, "be in China Slee berry quickee now."

"Yes," replied Frank, "the largest part of the journey is over."

Until a late hour all sat up on deck enjoying the beautiful scene. Barney brought out his Irish fiddle and Pomp his banjo, and they played and sang in a jolly fashion.

Finally all retired save Barney, who was on watch the first half of the night, to be relieved later by Pomp. The Mole made swift progress in the smooth sea.

The next day, as Frank predicted, they sighted the Island of Ceylon.

The had passed greatly to the south, and were obliged to bear more to the northward in order to make the Bay of Bengal. Thence to the Malay Peninsula and through the Straits of Malacca, and they would be in the China Sea.

Frank had no idea of stopping anywhere on the way, so Ceylon was left upon the horizon, a long, irregular coast. But the sea on all hands was dotted with curious sailing craft.

The dhow of the Indian, the proa of the Malay, and the junk of the Chinese were everywhere met. Occasionally a European vessel was seen, usually a steamer or cruiser.

In olden times a voyage across these seas upon a ship of the line was attended with no little risk, for everywhere the wily pirate lay in wait. Many a noble craft had fallen a prey to these hounds of the sea.

Even at the present day piracy among the Chinese and Malays is common, they seldom venturing, however, to attack a foreign craft.

Sam Sin excitedly recounted many thrilling incidents connected with the life of a Chinese merchant-captain. He was familiar with these seas, having, as he declared, sailed every foot of them as master of a junk.

The little submarine boat excited no little curiosity among the vessels which were met, and once or twice she was signaled and spoken by Chinese war vessels.

Sam always conducted the colloquy, and the display of the American flag generally settled all doubts; so the Mole was unmolested.

The voyagers, however, had not the slightest fear of an attack. They would, indeed, rather have welcomed it, for the Mole could have played hide and seek with such cumbersome foes.

Right across the Bay of Bengal the little craft sped. One day land was sighted dead ahead.

Some excitement was created, for all knew that it must be no other than the northern point of Sumatra.

But as no incident worthy of note occurred during the passage of the Malacca Straits, we will pass on to find the Mole one day safely sailing the waters of the China Sea.

The great voyage had been made and the Magic Island was in the near future. At least so Sam Sin declared.

The Chinese captain now took charge of the helm and began to lay the course. At first he was a trifle puzzled by the American methods of navigation, but finally laid the course out northeast of the Latima Islands.

For two days the Mole sailed slowly onward.

Numberless Islands were passed, but Sam selected none of them. He described the Magic Island as being far from any others.

Just as the sun was sinking below the yellow waters of the China Sea on the second day, the first of a series of thrilling incidents occurred.

Until now Frank had been a trifle skeptical as regarded the existence of the Magic Island. But Sam Sin suddenly appeared in the pilot house door and beckoned to him.

In a moment Frank was by his side. The Chinaman was excited.

"Slee!" he exclaimed, hoarsely, "big slee fight, heap big guns go. Chinese pirate fightee tea-ship. Me tellee you!"

And the Mongolian pointed far out over the yellow waste of waters. Frank saw on the distant horizon two vessels side by side.

He saw occasionally a sharp flash of light leap from their sides and heard a faint boom, which was proof that they were engaged in a sea fight.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "something is going on over there. You are right, Sam."

"Yeppee! Me slee dat quickee! I tellee you Chinese pirate, sure!"

Barney and Pomp heard the excited declaration and came rushing in. Frank was not long in making up his mind what to do.

The Mole was started at once with full speed for the scene. She rapidly drew near the two vessels.

And as she did so it could be plainly seen that a hot fight was in progress. One of the vessels was a common merchant junk, though she carried guns, and the other was a rakish craft of Mongolian type, flying a black flag at her masthead.

Sam Sin was wildly excited.

"It am Hung Ta Mu!" he cried, "he big pirate, sailee in dis slee, he sinkee big ship bellee quick!"

"Not if we can help it," cried Frank, "put on all speed, Barney!"

"All roight, sor!"

The Mole literally flew through the water. But the two ships were a good ways off. Long before the submarine boat could cut down the distance, the fight was over.

The great merchant junk was on her side. The black forms of the pirates were seen on her decks looting her and massacring her crew.

Still Frank sent the Mole ahead but in vain. The sun had set and the gloom of night was at hand.

To complete the episode, the junk went down, and the pirate vessel's sails filled and she bore rapidly away, not having seen her diminutive pursuer.

But the Mole would have overhauled her for all that, had it not been for a great bank of fog which rolled in between them and shut her from view. This terminated the affair.

Frank regretted that he could not have arrived in time to have arrested the tragedy. But he was now perfectly satisfied as to Sam Sin's sincerity.

The search-light was brought into requisition, and for half the night the quest was kept up.

But in vain.

Wily Hung Ta Mu had made good his escape. Sam Sin intimated that he had a rendezvous in the Palayan Islands, where he had likely gone to dispose of his spoils. But Frank had peculiar ideas of his own.

"How far from here is the Magic Island?" he asked.

Sam Sin reckoned on his fingers.

"Vellee near," he replied. "Mebbe we slee it by morning allee sameel!"

"Good!" cried Frank. "I would like to see it at once."

Nothing more could be done, of course, until daylight. So after awhile much needed sleep was sought.

But the next morning all were on deck early. Sam Sin with triumph pointed to a distant curious object on the horizon.

It looked for all the world like a sugar loaf hat sitting in the water. But the Chinaman declared:

"Dat am de Magic Island, slee? Soon be dere, velly quicke."

Nearer the Mole drew to the object of their quest in this part of the world.

And as now the coast line began to unfold itself, the sugar loaf object was seen to be a high mountain peak, which rose from the center of the island.

Truly the island looked its reputed character, and no place could have seemingly better deserved the title it bore of the Magic Island.

Its shores were rocky and broken into great lines of cliffs. There were numberless coves and bays among the lines of reef, and it seemed an admirable hiding place for a pirate vessel.

In these deep harbors a pirate craft could lurk unseen, and at a favorable moment easily pounce upon a passing vessel.

Everything about the isle suggested mystery and weirdness. Its very approach was forbidding to a stranger on account of the interlacing line of reefs and the multifarious channels.

Certainly no large vessel of war could ever have passed those reefs, all placing the island beyond the comfortable range of big guns.

But the little Mole could pass among them with immunity. Frank sailed along the coast for some ways, however, studying it closely before venturing to pass through the reefs.

As far as could be seen no human being was upon the island. Sam Sin gave a detailed account of the many efforts made to settle upon the island, depicting the thrilling experiences of those who made the attempt.

"No tsee tly it," he declared vigorously. "Debbil lib dere. No gettee way alibe!"

"Humph!" said Frank, slowly, "that is the belief of your people. We will unmask this devil before we get through."

Sam Sin rubbed his hands with the keenest of delight.

"Allee life!" he cried. "Melican man am de one to doee it. Wishee luckee!"

Frank catechised the Mongolian closely as to the phenomena of the island. Sam Sin told many wonderful things which were Munchausen like.

"Bellee queer!" he declared. "Walkee long on island, see mar, you speakee him, he no dere. Big birds flyee all 'lound boutee headee. Whist! Whew! no birdee dere. Allee queer, bellee queer!"

"Yes, I should say so!" said Frank, dryly. "I should like to get a look at some of those wonderful birds and men!"

Sam rubbed his hands gleefully.

"Melican mar no 'fraidee. Heap lots ob pluckee. Killee debbil. Makee island free. Heaps ob gold dere. "Make eberybody belly rich!"

"Gold!" exclaimed Frank, "how do you know that, Sam?"

"Oh, lots ob Chineee men comee here to dig. Neber go way alibe. Dat allee seen ob dem. Debbil kill quicke."

CHAPTER V.

A CURIOUS APPARITION.

FRANK was now thoroughly resolved to solve the mystery of the island. He was intensely interested.

He had drawn strong conclusions as to the mystery. The most forcible one was that there was some strong connection between the phenomena and Hung Ta Mu, the pirate.

The phenomena was, of course, some hocus pocus or jugglery, for which the Chinese are famous. He was resolved to lay it bare.

Frank passed many spots where a light vessel like the pirate could easily pass in between the reefs and find anchorage in deep bays, protected from the view of the open sea by high cliffs and headlands.

He studied the entire outline of this side of the island carefully and made mental notes. He would much have liked to explore the other side of the island, too, but did not deem it expedient just now.

Thus half a day was passed. The Mole lay off the reefs and Frank formulated his plans.

"First off," he said, "I am going to pay a visit to the island, just as if we were strangers, and had never seen it before."

Sam Sin looked dubious.

"Bellee riskee," he declared. "Mebbe you bettee be careful."

"Begorra, I'm not afraid av any Chinayser pirate on the face av the airth," declared Barney, in a blustering way. "Av yez say the wurrud, Mither Frank, I'm wid yez all over."

"Golly, yo' kin reckon dis chile in too, sah!" cried Pomp.

But Frank held up his hand.

"I can't take both of you with me," he declared. "Barney, you and I and Sam Sin will go, and, Pomp, you will look after the Mole until we return."

Pomp did not demur. He knew that Frank's word was law. Moreover, somebody must of necessity stay with the submarine boat.

So preparations were quickly made.

The Mole carried a light dory, and this was put off, and armed to the teeth, the three explorers entered it.

Sam Sin was a trifle pale, but dead game all the same. He did not offer to back out.

The boat was rowed rapidly through the surf and made the beach at a point just under a frowning cliff. The adventurers stepped out and stood at last on the shores of the Magic Island.

Frank was the first to set foot upon the land. He looked about him curiously but keenly.

As far as the eye could reach the sandy shore extended at the base of the mighty cliffs, which were broken here and there by entrances to inland bays.

As nothing could be seen of the interior of the island from this point, it was decided best to climb the cliff or some high point from which a view could be had.

It was no easy task to find a way up the cliff.

Finally, however, Barney located a route and by dint of hard climbing it was scaled.

The adventurers stood upon the highest part of the cliff and looked upon a strange scene. The interior of the island was before them.

To the northward was the sugar loaf mountain of which mention has been made before. At its base was a mighty lagoon or basin of water, probably connected with the outer sea by some sort of a strait or passage.

To the southward was a rolling country overgrown with persimmon and the various wild growth peculiar to those latitudes. In this direction the explorers turned their steps.

But in all respects the weird character of the island was maintained.

The trees seemed gnarled and twisted into fantastic shapes. The rocks were grotesque, and in many cases assumed the forms of animals and even human beings.

Surely, there was ample excuse for the superstitious dread in which the Chinese held the isle. A dread something lingered in the very air.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Barney, "it's a loikely place fer ghosts, an' av they were anything but Chinayser ghosts, shure it's afraid I'd be meself."

"Mebbe yo' be 'fraid yet, Iisheeman," said Sam, with a twinkle in his slant eyes. "Lots ob brave men, heap big men, gettee 'fraid ob what dey slee here."

"Keep on your guard then, Barney," laughed Frank. "Aha! What have we here?"

He paused before a ledge of rocks. And surely, there in the smooth surface of the rock, there were footprints. What was more, they were the prints of a cloven hoof.

Frank knelt down and examined the curious tracks. The rock was a species of sandstone. The prints might have been made by human hands, but they had not that appearance.

"Slee," whispered Sam, eagerly, "de debbil hab walked ober dat rockee. He leab him footprints in dat stone!"

Barney's red hair began to rise a bit. He stared at the rocks.

"Begorra, it was either the devil or a goat," he muttered. "Shure, I'm not afterer knowing which!"

At this, both Frank and Sam Sin laughed.

"Well," said Frank, with a glance at his belt, "If the Magic inhabitant of this island can leave his footprints in solid rock like that, he will be truly a hard one for us to handle."

Sam Sin was trembling all over.

"Melican man better go backee," he whispered; "debbil gettee us sure."

Frank laughed lightly.

"Pshaw!" he said, "it must take something besides footprints to frighten me now, I tell you!"

They passed on into a little clump of mangroves. Here a new specimen of the natural wonders of the place occurred.

A tall shaft of sandstone stood in their path. It might have passed for an ancient obelisk, but from its side and fully ten feet above the base there gushed forth a stream of water.

This was unlike anything Frank had ever seen, but was easily explained in natural causes. There was a powerful spring under the obelisk fed by a higher elevation.

The pressure had worn away the interior of the stone and resulted in a natural fountain.

But the adventurers had hardly finished their inspection of this wonder, when Barney gripped Frank's arm.

"Suferin' Moses?" he gasped. "Wud yez luk at the dead min cum to loife!"

Upon a flat-topped elevation just to the right—there had suddenly appeared two human forms. They were walking along with averted faces apparently engrossed in thought.

The clothing they wore was like the shrouds used for the dead. They hardly seemed to walk but to glide.

And at this moment as the adventurers were gazing intently at them, they suddenly turned their faces.

Barney and Sam Sin with yells of terror shrunk back. Even Frank was startled.

The faces of dead men could not have been more hideous, more uncanny and unreal. The expression and ghostly color was frightful.

Frank had gazed steadfastly at the two beings. He was cool and collected, and thought only of fathoming their character.

But even as he looked, they were no longer there.

They had vanished as if but thin smoke or fading mist. They were instantly gone from sight. What did or could it mean?

Then the young inventor found Barney and Sam Sin at his side.

"Fer the love av hiven, Misther Frank," whispered Barney; "shure we'd better go back, sor!"

"Muchee debbil here, gettee way quick or heap killee us!" declared Sam.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Frank; "don't be fools. This is all hocus-pocus. Clever trickery. The work of rogues. You shall see that I will fix them."

He unslung his rifle and started to scale the incline. Both Barney and the Mongolian were now ashamed and followed him.

But when Frank reached the top of the eminence the two strange beings were not in sight. Nor was any sign of them to be found anywhere.

The young inventor looked in vain for footprints and tried to fathom the mystery of their sudden disappearance. But all in vain.

He was, however, quite undaunted.

"Well," he muttered, "it is very strange. But there is, of course, a logical explanation. That we must look for!"

"Begorra I'm afraid we'll niver foind it, Misther Frank," began Barney. The young inventor turned upon him.

"If you are afraid to go further," he said, sharply, "you can go back to the boat as quickly as you please. I will come back later."

This silenced both terrified fellows, for they were ashamed to acknowledge their cowardice further. Nor was it exactly cowardice, for short of the supernatural, Barney feared nothing.

Frank, however, was not disposed to be reckless. He knew that there was more or less peril in their present position. They might be surrounded by deadly foes.

He had, however, as he believed fathomed the meaning of the phenomena of the island.

In his opinion some shrewd tricksters and rogues, possibly Hung Ta Mu and his gang of pirates, had a secret rendezvous here, and depended upon these supernatural exhibitions to frighten away any settlers that might seek to make the isle their home.

Frank was determined to solve the mystery. But he knew well enough the risk of his present position and was on the lookout for a trap.

If this hypothesis was correct there was no doubt great risk in remaining long upon the isle, for it would be an easy matter for the enemy to shoot them from ambush, and their fate would never be known.

However, he proceeded to descend the other side of the slope when suddenly Sam Sin clutched Frank's arm.

"Stoppee here, Mistler Reade," he cried, excitedly. "Whatee blackee man do wifout us, slee?"

He pointed seaward where a rakish craft was seen standing in toward the land. At once Frank came to a startled halt.

He saw that Sam was right.

Pomp would be placed in a most uncomfortable position if the black craft should discover the presence of the submarine boat. That the ship was the pirate vessel of Hung Ta Mu he felt very certain. In fact the black flag could be seen at the peak.

CHAPTER VI.

UNDER THE REEFS.

It required hardly a moment for Frank to make up his mind what to do. He acted quickly.

He knew that all depended upon returning at once to the Mole in the quickest possible time.

So the three explorers set out at a rapid pace for the cliff. It was easier going down than coming up, and they were soon upon the sands.

It was but a moment's work to leap into the dory and pull off to the submarine boat, anchored beyond the reefs.

Pomp was on deck and helped them aboard, delighted at their safe return. But the dorky saw at once that something was up.

"Golly, Marse Frank!" he exclaimed, "I was jes' 'fraid dat somefin' happen to yo'—"

"Bejabers, it has happened, yez black moke!" cried Barney. "Shure, the pirate ship is off the headland yender an' will be onto us loike a thousand av bricks afore we know it!"

The coon was now as much alarmed as the others. Hastily the small boat was drawn aboard. Then Frank cried:

"Into the cabin everybody! I am going to sink the boat!"

"Sink it, sor!" cried Barney. "All roight; it's ordhers we'll obey!"

The next moment the Mole went down. The water was barely fifty fathoms deep, and a great bed of white sand was reached between the reefs.

Here she rested a moment. The scene was one of bewildering beauty.

On every hand were avenues of coral, of all colors and fragile shapes. Silver and golden fish played among the vari-colored branches, and the glare of the electric lights made all look wondrous.

But Frank had no idea of remaining here.

He began to thread his way with the boat through the coral reef, in a direction which he reckoned would bring him into a lagoon between high cliffs.

Here he felt sure that the boat, if sent to the surface again, could rest secure from the observation of the pirate vessel, and at the same time enable the submarine voyagers to watch her every movement.

The appearance of Hung Ta Mu quite convinced Frank that the Magic Island was really a rendezvous of the pirates. He felt no further doubt.

Through the intricate windings of the reef the submarine boat went where no surface craft could have gone. Soon Frank reckoned that he was in the right position.

Then he gave the signal and Barney sent her to the surface. Once more the light of day was about them, and our adventurers saw that upon three sides they were hemmed in with mighty cliffs.

They were in a sort of pocket, as it were, in the cliffs. But looking seaward they could plainly distinguish the Chinese pirate.

Hung Ta Mu's vessel was just outside the reef at anchor. A boat had put out and was coming ashore.

It would have been an easy matter for Frank to have ended the career of the pirate as she lay there. The Mole could have crept up under her hull and fixed a dynamite bomb under her which would have blown her out of the water.

But though Frank meditated the destruction of the pirate ultimately, he was not yet ready for the "grand coup." He had other plans in view.

So he went out on deck and watched the pirate keenly through his glass.

The boat which went ashore contained a dozen men. Among them Sam Sin declared that he could see the famous pirate himself, declaring positively that he knew him by sight.

However this was, the apparent object of the visit was obscure, for there seemed to be no effort made to land any of the spoils.

Some time elapsed, when the boat returned with its passengers; then the ship began to weigh anchor.

"That won't do!" declared Frank. "We must not lose sight of her."

"Phwat shall we do, sor?" cried Barney.

"Sink her and go out through the reef again," declared Frank.

A moment later the submarine boat was again under the surface and making her way out through the reefs. When in the open sea she rose to the surface.

But now a great surprise was accorded Frank; he had expected to see the pirate junk standing out to sea.

But on the contrary she was nowhere in sight. She had disappeared as effectually as if swallowed up by the sea.

Astonished, the young inventor looked in all directions; it was impossible for her to have rounded either end of the isle in that brief while.

Where then had she gone?

What had happened to her?

Frank was completely puzzled, in fact mystified; Barney and Pomp said nothing, but Sam Sin muttered vaguely and shook his head knowingly.

"Debbil do it all," he declared. "Makee ship go outee sight; heap magic; debbil do it for Hung Ta Mu!"

"Do you think so?" said Frank, with a smile. "Well, you may be right, but I don't believe it; I think we will find the vessel in some one of these little bays in the coast line."

It had occurred to Frank as indeed possible that the pirate vessel had vanished into one of these almost invisible pockets in the cliff, even as the Mole had done but a short while before.

So the submarine boat crept along to the spot where the ship had last been seen. Then Frank looked searchingly for the opening in the cliffs.

But no matter how assiduously he looked he saw not the least crevice where the ship could have so suddenly vanished. He was at his wit's end.

"Well," he muttered, after awhile, "I shall stay here until she reappears, if it is a year. She is somewhere in this island. That is certain."

Sam Sin, however, would maintain that the "debbil" was at the bottom of it all, and finally Frank was half inclined to admit that he might be right.

But just at this critical juncture darkness began to shut down. In a short while even the island could not be seen.

There was a dull moaning in the wind which seemed ominous, and presaged a possible repetition of the typhoon. The sky was dull and heavy.

In such an event the position of the Mole was by no means desirable, so that Frank decided to get inside the reefs.

He sunk the boat and started again to thread his way among the coral structure. But this time the entire topography of the ocean's floor seemed to have changed.

The reef presented a hollow appearance, and there was no other apparent course save to glide under it. So the submarine boat passed under a great coral arch.

As it proceeded this enlarged until a wall of coral was on all sides, and overhead as well. Frank began to look for the end of this unique passage.

But still the boat kept on what seemed an interminable distance. Frank had begun to grow anxious when suddenly the passage ceased, and he knew that they were in the open sea again.

Of course they must be inside the reefs, so he gave the word to Barney, who sent the boat to the surface. But, as all was so intensely dark, it was impossible to tell where they were.

However, Frank felt sure that they were in a safe harbor, for the swell of the sea was not felt here, and accordingly the anchor was dropped.

As the day had been full of exciting incidents all were tired and glad enough to retire. So, with the exception of Barney, all turned in.

The Celt sat on deck until a late hour; then he went into the pilot house. At two o'clock he was relieved by Pomp.

The darky, in order to keep awake, took to pacing the deck. Barney had been below a full hour, when the coon received a shock of surprise.

From the darkness he plainly heard the murmur of voices. They came across the water clearly.

"Dat am berry queer," he muttered. "Wondah wha' it can mean? I'se a good mind to call Marse Frank."

But on second thought, he decided not to do this.

By Frank's orders there were no lights aboard the Mole. She lay a black and silent object on the dark water.

The night was so still that sound might travel a good ways. Pomp reckoned that the voices were distant several hundred yards.

He could not distinguish very plainly the words, but was sure that they were not English.

"It am some ob dem pirates," he muttered. "I'se jes' a good mind fo' to call Marse Frank!"

But presently the voices died out. Then Pomp was glad that he had not called Frank. Time wore on.

Then the darkness began to wear away and the heavens to light up. Objects about became plainer.

And as Pomp studied them, a startling discovery came to him. He gave a little gasp of amazement.

"Fo' de lan's sake! I believe dat am dat old pirate ship!"

Distant in the gloom, not a great ways, he could see a huge black object. The spars and lateen sails were dimly visible.

This was enough for Pomp.

In a moment he had flown down into the cabin and awakened Frank. The young inventor came hastily on deck.

He was astonished.

They were not two hundred yards from the pirate vessel. What was more, Frank could see that they were completely surrounded by land.

Like a flash a full comprehension of everything came to him.

They had passed under a part of the island as well as the reef, and by this subterranean method had come out into the lagoon in the center of the island.

It was all easy enough to see now, but what puzzled Frank was how the pirate ship had come there. Certainly it could not be by the same passage.

Yet there she was, quite intact. There must have been a way through the reef known only to Hung Ta Mu.

But the young inventor had no desire as yet to be spotted by the pirates, so he closed the doors and windows and sent the Mole to the bottom.

By this time Barney and Sam Sin were aroused. The situation was explained to them, and the Celt cried:

"Shure, Misther Frank, an' phwat good will it do us to be sthavin' down here?"

"That is so," agreed Frank. "And what is more, I have no intention of doing so. There is no reason why we cannot do a little detective work by walking ashore."

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE MAGIC ISLAND.

BARNEY scratched his head, and looked his wonderment as did the others.

"Walk ashore is it, sor?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Shure, sor, axin' yure pardon, but how will yez be afther doin' that?"

"I'll explain to you," said Frank, "if you and Pomp will go aft to my store room and bring me a black trunk which you'll find there."

"All roight, sor!"

Away went the two jokers pell mell. In a few moments they returned with the trunk.

Frank produced a key and opened it, saying:

"Here is the wherewithal to walk ashore, as you will agree."

And he held up to their gaze a curious shaped helmet and a small tank connected with it by rubber tubes and many straps.

"Shure, sor, it's a diver's suit," declared Barney.

"Yes!" replied Frank. "And unlike any you ever saw before. It is of the portable kind, or to be plain it requires no life line or air-pump."

"Golly! dat am jes' one ob your inventions, Marse Frank!" declared Pomp.

"Yes, it is a very simple one, too. This tank contains some chemicals, with which air is generated and circulated through the helmet.

The generator can be strapped on the back and by donning the helmet—presto! you can go anywhere under the sea."

Barney and Pomp could not help a cheer and even Sam Sin grinned.

"Thin all yez have to do is to put one av these suits on an walk ashore," declared Barney.

"Yes," replied Frank. "And you and I are the two to do it."

"Shure I'm yure mon, sor!" cried the Celt, delightedly.

"All right!"

Frank gave orders to Pomp and Sam Sin. Then he and Barney put on the diving suits.

As the water was not deep and it was barely a hundred yards to the shore the feat was not a difficult one.

Leading from the cabin was a small vestibule. This had two doors, one opening into the cabin and one on deck.

Frank and Barney stepped into this and closed the cabin door. Then Frank pressed a small valve.

In an instant the vestibule was flooded with water. Then they opened the deck door and emerged.

In a few moments they became accustomed to the pressure. Then they slid down from the deck and set out across the bed of the lagoon.

With the heavy leaden shoes, progress was not rapid but steady. The land trended upward.

After what seemed an interminable length of time, the light of day shone down upon them and they emerged from the water.

It was just under an overhanging bank, and they could not be seen from the deck of the pirate junk; but they were able to see all that was going on there.

Crouching down in their cover, Frank and Barney watched the pirate vessel with great interest.

Its decks were thronged with the most villainous habitues of the slums of Canton or Hong Kong, cutthroats and yellow rascals of the deepest dye.

Boats lay alongside, and Frank could see the coolies at work transporting bundles and bales of the looted cargo from the hold of the junk.

On the shore, other coolies were carrying these up a small eminence into a persimmon grove, where they were lost to sight.

All doubt was settled in Frank's mind now.

Of course, the island was a pirate's den and rendezvous, and Hung Ta Mu was responsible for the mysterious things seen and heard.

"The atrocious scoundrel," thought Frank, "he is certainly a Mongolian Captain Kidd. How graciously he would slit our throats from ear to ear if he could catch us."

"Be me sowl, Misther Frank," whispered Barney, "it will niver do to let thim get a luk at us, sor!"

"That's right," agreed Frank, "but I am anxious to get a nearer look at them."

"Phwat is that, sor?"

"I want to see where they put that cargo which they are carrying up the hill there."

"Shure, sor, how kin we iver get up there widout bein' seen?"

"I don't know," said Frank, "but we must do it."

He removed his helmet, and Barney did likewise. They were armed only with keen knives and short axes.

Leaving the helmets under the bank, they crept into the cover of a small clump of bushes. Through these they made their way cautiously.

In a few moments they had reached a ridge of land behind which they were perfectly secure from the observation of those in the pirate band.

This enabled them to press on at a rapid gait for some ways. Then Frank came to a halt.

"Ah!" he exclaimed: "it is just as I thought. Do you see that?"

"Whist!" exclaimed Barney. "I kin see it aisy enough."

A high section of the sugar loaf mountain here presented a broad and smooth cliff. In this there was plainly visible a wide mouthed cavern.

Into this the coolies were streaming with their loads and out again it was no doubt the secret rendezvous of the pirates.

With curiosity and interest the two adventurers watched the scene. Suddenly Barney clutched Frank's arm.

"Be me sowl!" he gasped; "did yez see that, sor?"

"What?" asked Frank, in surprise.

"Shure, sor, if I'm not blind, it's a windhow in the cliff, cor, an' there's a white handkerchief waving from it."

Barney pointed upward and at that moment Frank saw the cause of the Celt's excitement.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed; "that's true enough!"

High up in the face of the cliff he saw an oblong niche. In this there fluttered a bit of white.

It was withdrawn and Frank saw for a moment a white face which was too delicate in feature for that of a man.

It was a woman, and she had seen and was signaling them. The young inventor was astonished.

What was more, it evidently was not a Chinese woman, but apparently a European. There was no doubt but that she was a captive.

It was easy to understand how Hung Ta Mu could capture some trading ship from America or Europe, and after killing her crew make a captive of the only female on board.

It was an exciting discovery.

It is needless to say that Frank's ideas of chivalry were at once aroused. Here was an extra incentive for breaking up the gang of pirates.

"By the justice, you are right, Barney," he exclaimed, "it is a woman captive, and as I live, I believe she is a white woman, perhaps an American."

"Begorra, that's a blasted shame, sor, to see her shut up there an' niver a wan to help her!"

"We will give her help," declared Frank. "She must be rescued!"

He now answered the signal made by the captive, and was pleased to see that this was understood. At once he was interested.

But how he was to give succor to the imprisoned female was a question. He pondered the matter for some while, until an incident occurred to, for the time, divert his mind.

A loud shout reached their ears, and both turned to behold an astounding sight.

Down an incline, not a fifth of a mile distant, a half dozen armed pirates came at full speed. Their gestures were angry and threatening.

Frank at once saw that they were betrayed, and their position was one of deadly danger. He started at once toward the lagoon.

"Quick, Barney!" he cried. "We must get out of here at once! Our lives depend upon it!"

"Begorra, it's good sprinters they'll be to catch us!" cried the Celt; "they'll niver do that!"

But this boast seemed indeed an idle one, for the pirates were seen to take a cut which seemed likely to head the two adventurers off.

It was an exciting race to the edge of the lagoon.

The pirates gained upon them, and bullets began to fly thick and fast about the two fugitives. By some miracle, however, they were not struck.

The next moment they leaped to the sands below, and crept under the bank. At that moment probably the pursuers felt sure of cornering them.

But in a flash Frank had donned his helmet, and Barney did likewise. The next moment they slid into the water.

At a depth of ten feet, where no rifle bullet could have reached them, they paused.

Through the translucent water they could see the shore and all other objects quite plainly, though they could not be seen themselves.

They saw the pirates rush down to the bank and look everywhere for the fugitives. To their astonishment they could not be found.

The expression of their faces was very plain and most terrible to see. The most villainous that Frank and Barney had ever seen.

"Bejabbers," reflected the Celt, "it's glad I am to get out av their clutches. But it's a heap of guessing we've given them, to be sure. They'll niver foind us that way."

With interest Frank and Barney watched the rascals. They were much discomfited.

But finally one of them followed the footprints of the divers to the water's edge. This told the story.

They indulged in excited gesticulations and motions. It was evident that they were puzzled.

How had the fugitives escaped by entering the water? They could not have swum the lagoon?

This was plainly their reasoning. There seemed but one conclusion for them to reach. And it was apparent that they finally adopted it.

This was that the fugitives had chosen drowning as a fate to falling into the hands of their pursuers. Apparently satisfied on this point they gave over the quest.

Frank and Barney could not help a thrill of self congratulation at this. They had truly fooled the villains in most excellent fashion.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOST UNDER WATER.

FRANK was now quite undecided how to act. He did not want to return to the Mole yet.

He was anxious to formulate and in fact execute some plan for the rescue of the woman captive in the stronghold of Hung Ta Mu.

But he was completely at a loss how to do it.

Of course his only method was to invade the cavern, but how was this to be done, while the legion of coolies were going in and out?

It was likely also that a strong guard would be posted there. How could this be evaded?

Again, even if the rescuers succeeded in all this, the interior of the cavern would probably be a labyrinth not easy to trace. Discovery would mean certain death.

All these things went whirling through Frank's mind.

Finally he placed his helmet close to Barney's and shouted. In this way they could make each other hear.

"Suppose we move along a ways further to where they are unloading the junk?" he cried.

"All roight, sor!" agreed the Celt.

"Perhaps we can find some plan for getting into the stronghold or giving the woman prisoner help."

"I'm wid yez, sor!"

So Frank led the way along under the water, taking care to keep far enough from the surface that they would not be seen. Gradually they worked their way nearer to the junk.

They were soon between the vessel and the shore, and they could see the small boats pass over their heads.

But this change of position suggested no new idea or plan. It cer-

tainly would not pay to go ashore here, for they would only be betraying themselves and gain nothing.

So Frank finally concluded to go back to the submarine boat and talk the matter over with Sam Sin.

Perhaps the shrewd witted Chinaman could suggest a plan; Frank communicated this plan to Barney.

The Celt nodded his head in acquiescence, and they at once slid into deeper water.

On the helmet of each there was a small incandescent lamp, fed by a battery within the helmet. By the light of these they were enabled to pick their way along.

The bed of the lagoon, however, was quite free from weeds, or anything to interfere with their progress. They had little trouble in making their way.

But after traveling some distance, Frank was surprised that they did not reach the boat. He did not once think of the possibility of losing his way.

But this was now speedily proved not only possible but likely.

They searched in vain for the submarine boat. Both were sure that they had taken the right course, and most find it.

But it did not appear. Here was a pretty mess. Finally Frank placed his helmet to Barney's and shouted:

"We have either lost our way or the boat has gone."

"Be me sowl!" cried Barney, "it's the latter thin, for I'm shure we tuk the roight way!"

"I thought so. Again, what would make Pomp change the position of the Mole?"

"Shure, sor, he'd niver do it; we've only lost our way, sor, whin I cum to think av it."

"What shall we do?"

"I kin think av but wan thing, sor."

"Ah?"

"We might go back an' begin over agin, sor."

"Right!" cried Frank. "Strange I never thought of that. We'll do it."

With this they started back for the shore. But now again they met with a surprise.

For after a long spell of traveling they did not reach it. They were unable to find it.

What could it mean? Astonished, the two divers came to a full stop. The situation seemed desperate. There was but one conclusion.

They were lost.

"Begorra!" exclaimed Barney, "we'll niver foind the boat or anythin' else this way! Phwere are we, Misther Frank?"

"At the bottom of the lagoon."

"To be shure, sor, but phwere is that, may I ask?"

Frank could not help a laugh.

"It seems to have been in the center of the Magic Island," he shouted, "but on my word I believe it is the bottom of the sea! We are somewhere—I don't know where!"

"Phwat will we do? Shure it's goners we are av we don't get out av this!"

"We might drop our heavy shoes of lead and go to the surface."

"Wud that do us any good, sor?"

"No. We could not get back to the submarine boat that way. The only thing that I can see for us to do, is to roam about until we really find the shore or the Mole."

"All roight, sor! So it is!"

With this they resumed their random quest.

But it is easy to imagine what this meant. With nothing to guide them they might walk about for days and perhaps forever without finding a trace of the boat.

But as they were situated now there was no other recourse. They must continue the random quest.

So on they paddled until suddenly both came to a stop impressed with a curious fact.

They were traveling between two walls of coral. These had suddenly converged and became visible.

How long this had been neither was able to guess. But the fact startled them.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Frank. "Where on earth are we? Can it be that we have passed out of the lagoon and are among the reefs?"

"Begorra, I have a plan," said Barney.

"What is it?"

"Shure, sor, here is a long rope I brought wid me thinking we might nade it. It is not very heavy, but mighty strong, an' it's fully two hundred feet long."

"Well?"

"I'll put it about me waist and slip off me lead shoes and go up to the surface. Then ye kin pull me down an' I'll know phwere we are."

"Bravo!" cried Frank, "that is a clever idea, Barney!"

"Shure, I thought so, sor."

"Where is your rope?"

"Here, sor."

The Celt drew the coil from about his belt. It was very small, being hardly larger than cord as he had said, but it was of silk and very strong.

He at once proceeded to carry out his plan.

Frank took hold of the cord, and Barney kicked off his shoes. Instantly he shot upward.

Up he went out of sight.

Some moments elapsed and the rope did not pay out. Frank was somewhat mystified.

"What can be the matter?" he muttered. "Something is wrong." But at that moment he received signal from Barney to pull him down. Two or three quick pulls brought the Celt into sight.

"That's queer," thought Frank. "I was sure the surface was further away than that."

Barney quickly regained his leaden shoes and his equilibrium. Then he placed his helmet to Frank's.

"How is it?" asked the young inventor. "I thought it was fully one hundred feet to the surface."

"Shure, sor, I've niver been near the surface at all, at all!"

"Not to the surface?"

"No, sor!"

"Where, then, may I ask?"

"Bejabers, a few seconds after leaving here, instid av comin' into the open air, shure I run me head agin a hard rock, sor."

"A rock?"

"The roof of this cavern, Misther Frank, for shure there's rock above us as well as on the soides av us, sor."

Frank was astounded.

"A cavern!" he ejaculated. "Well, that is strange, indeed. To think that we should have wandered into a cavern."

"Well, sor, that's the truth av it, an' howiver will we git out av it?"

"Simply retrace our steps."

The Celt made a curious gesture.

"That's not aisy!" he declared. "On me worrud, I kain't remember which way we came into the place!"

Frank was staggered. He looked about him. There was not a single object in sight by which he could claim remembrance of the way they had come into the cavern.

He bent down to look for their footprints. But the shifting under-tow had completely obliterated these.

Aghast, he stood for a moment unable to act. He began to realize truly how utterly and wholly they were lost.

"By the justice!" he muttered, "we are truly in for it, Barney, the chances are a thousand to one against our ever getting out of this place!"

"That's thrue enough, sor!"

For some while they discussed the situation and tried to arrive at some sort of a conclusion. But finally they took that direction which they believed they had come from.

Frank could easily see how fatal a mistake might be.

The cavern might lead a labyrinthine course under the isle. These islands of coral formation were nearly all completely honeycombed.

Already both divers began to feel the first light pangs of hunger. The horrors of a death in that place palled upon Frank.

But he was clear grit.

He would not give up.

He set his teeth firmly and pressed on. He could go a reasonable distance in this direction, and if it did not lead them out the way they came they could turn about.

Of course there was a chance that other passages existed into which they might be misled. But he could not believe this.

So the two divers kept on. It seemed as if they never would reach the end of the cavern passage.

Finally, completely overcome, Frank sank down upon a ledge of coral. Barney did the same.

Words cannot describe the utter sense of desolation and despair which overwhelmed them at that moment. It seemed powerful enough to crush them and end their careers upon the spot.

CHAPTER IX.

INTO THE ENEMY'S HANDS.

MEANWHILE what of Pomp and Sam Sin, whom we left aboard the Mole?

It would seem reasonable that they should be comparatively safe in their position to await the return of Frank and Barney.

But for an incident, wholly unlooked for and strange, they might have still remained in the same place, and been easily located by the two divers in their efforts to return.

But Fate had ordained otherwise, and curiously enough too.

Some time had elapsed since the departure of Frank and Barney. Pomp and Sam Sin, left to their own diversion, proceeded to enjoy themselves.

Now it is always a good thing to be on the right side of the cook. Nobody knew this better than Pomp.

And the coon was the best of friends with the Mongolian. Sam Sin had a real affection for Pomp.

So the Mongolian invited the darky down into his quarters, where there were goodly store of things to eat and drink.

And there the two feasted and wine until they were full to overflowing. Sam Sin unloosed his tongue and with much clatter told many stories of life in the Flowery Kingdom.

Of course Pomp listened with real interest.

And thus time passed. How much time it is impossible to say, and the two revelers might not have been apprised of anything wrong for a good while longer had it not been for an unlooked for incident.

Suddenly the boat gave a lurch and nearly upset the two on their stools. Pomp leaped up.

"Golly!" he exclaimed, "wha' de debbil was dat?"

"Something hittee boat, tippee me ober bellee quick!" declared Sam Sin.

"Yo' am right, sah! Somefin' run agin de boat. Mebbe Marse Frank cum back!"

"Allee lite! We go up in cabin an' slee!"

"A'right," cried Pomp, "here goes, fo' somefin' am wrong I'se deat' suah!"

So up into the cabin they rushed. Pomp looked out of the cabin window and gave an exclamation of astonishment and dismay.

"Fo' de lan's sakes!" he cried. "Where am we at?"

"Gollee!" cried Sam Sin, adopting Pomp's swear word; "we allee up alongee big rock! No knowee how gettee here?"

"To be suah Ah don't!" ejaculated Pomp; "an' where am dis rock? Don't remember no rock anywheres near us. Does yo'?"

"Nope," replied the Mongolian; "me slee no rockee afore. Heap funny how it comee here."

"I should say so!" exclaimed Pomp, and then he began to study the situation. This resulted in a new conclusion.

"I have it fo' a fac'," he finally exclaimed, seriously; "dat rock neber cum here ob itself. We done cam to de rock."

This was a philosophical conclusion. Sam Sin did not gainsay it. But it did not settle one problem. How did the submarine boat change its position so radically?

To be sure it had not been anchored, but it hardly looked reasonable that it could drift so far and again, what would cause it to drift? It was curious that its motion had not been noticed before.

Pomp weighed all these things shrewdly. The one fact remained that the boat had drifted all the same.

It was easy enough to assume that a powerful undertow had come on, and picking the boat up perhaps carried it a mile or more until the rock formed sufficient object to check further progress.

As this became plain to Pomp, another fact of more importance also became evident.

What of Frank and Barney?

They would certainly soon be returning to the boat. If they found it gone serious consequences might be engendered.

So Pomp decided to go back at once to the spot they had left. He at once reversed the engines.

The submarine boat backed away from the rock, and for some while continued to travel backwards. But now Pomp was again troubled.

There was no object or mark by which he could identify the spot they had left.

The bottom of the lagoon all looked the same. Neither did he have any way of knowing how far the boat had drifted.

"Massy Lordy, dis am drefful," he ejaculated. "Marse Frank, he kill me fo' dis! I jes' oughtn't to hab lef de pilot house!"

Sam Sin could say nothing; but he could understand the situation and was troubled.

It was somewhat curious that neither thought of going to the surface to locate their position. This would have solved the riddle at once.

Now the truth was that the undertow had carried the boat stealthily along for a distance of fully a mile. This was far out into the lagoon.

And in backing the engines, Pomp had sent the boat off at a tangent so that this fully explained why Frank and Barney did not find the craft.

Pomp ran the boat back the distance he reckoned was right and halted; then he sent the search light in every direction.

But time passed and the two divers did not return.

The darky was beside himself with fearful apprehension. He paced up and down like a caged wild beast. Sam Sin watched him stolidly.

"Wha' am I gwine so do!" wailed the faithful fellow, "shure Marse Frank, he neber fin' dis boat. Mebbe he get lost, too, and uebber fin' his way out."

"Blackee man, no usee walkee dat way!" declared Sam Sin.

"Wha' yo' say?" asked Pomp, angrily. "Wha' are yo' talkin' about, sah?"

"Blackee man heap forgettee. Me tellee how findee out 'bout white men allee samee."

"Well wha' don' yo' tell den, yo' yaller no'count Chineel!" cried Pomp, angrily. "Wha' am de way anyhow?"

"Me tellee quick!"

"Well, how yo' do it?"

"Jes' serdee boat uppee to top of water," replied the Mongolian. "Mebbe white men be on shore. Tellee where Melican man go shore anyhow."

Pomp gave a wild start.

"Fo' de lan's sake!" he gasped. "Wha' didn' Ah fink ob dat befo'! I jes' do dat berry moment fo' suah. Yo' am smahter dan me, Mistah Sin!"

"Yeppeel! me knowee somefing somee time!" replied Sam proudly. "Yo' does fo' a suttin' fac'," declared Pomp.

Then he rushed into the pilot-house. It was but a moment's work to send the submarine boat to the surface.

And in doing so Pomp forgot all about the junk. Now, as fate had it, the boat had been very nearly under the pirate vessel.

So that as she leaped up out of the water the Mole's ram shot up into the rudder rigging of the junk. There was a crash and a rattling of many chains.

Astonished Pomp gave one startled look at the black hull frowning over him. Then he reversed the engines.

The propeller beat the water into a foam. No use! The submarine boat would not budge.

Her prow was caught fully and fairly in the anchor chains. She was hopelessly a prisoner.

Pomp could have fainted with horror.

"Massy sakes, we am struck!" he wailed. "Wha' didn't I fink ob dat ole ship, anyway? Wha' Marse Frank say now?"

The effect of this startling incident upon the pirates was curious. The crash and the noise of the Mole's propeller brought hundreds of them to the ship's rail.

There they saw what looked like a torpedo boat entangled in the rigging of the rudder of their cumbersome craft. The effect baffles description.

Of course there was tremendous excitement and a wide-spread alarm. They came from all quarters.

And among them, of course, came Hung Ta Mu, a tall, magnificently handsome Chinese, with a goatee and long mustache.

The babel of tongues was hushed as he appeared. In an instant he took in the situation.

He was not slow to act. He gave quick and sharp orders.

In response, down upon the submarine boat's deck there leaped half a hundred armed men. They came thundering at the cabin door.

Pomp was nearly prostrated with the force of the catastrophe. He could only gasp and stutter.

Sam Sin was the coolest. He said:

"Hung Ta Mu habbee us now. We must makee bes' ob it. Open door, lettee in, sabee our necks. Slee?"

"Mah wo'd on it, Marse Frank neber forgib dis chile," wailed Pomp. But he could see that it was folly to offer resistance. The best and shrewdest plan was to surrender at once.

So the cabin door was opened to prevent its being forced. Instantly the pirates rushed in.

They would have cut Pomp and Sam Sin down at once, but for the thundering voice of Hung Ta Mu.

By the orders of the pirate chief, they were therefore made prisoners and securely bound.

Then the excitement knew no bounds. The Chinese would have looted the submarine boat then and there, but for Hung Ta Mu. He came down upon the deck of the little boat and entered the cabin.

When he entered, his followers all went out like sheep. Then the famous Mongolian pirate confronted his prisoners.

He glowered upon them in his characteristic way for some while. He looked Pomp over carefully, and then seeing that Sam Sin was one of his countrymen, addressed him.

Of course Sam Sin understood well the language he used. The laundryman was wily enough to now seek to make the best of the situation.

So he prostrated himself, saying supplicatingly in the Chinese tongue:

"Oh, great Monarch of the Seas—Ruler of the Waves and Master of Magic—most noble lord and master, thy servant salutes thee and begs thy precious mercy!"

Hung Ta Mu's lip curled.

"Rise, slave!" he commanded, with the air of a viceroy, or other high potentate. "Answer me these questions truly or you die by the sword!"

"I am thy slave," replied Sam Sin.

Hung Ta Mu gave a comprehensive look about the cabin and demanded:

"Who is the captain of this vessel, and where is he? Whence comest thou?"

Sam Sin was for a moment at a loss how to answer.

CHAPTER X.

A CLEVER GAME.

THE shrewd laundryman was playing a desperate game.

He knew full well the penalty were he caught in a lie. Yet to tell the absolute truth would be fatal.

Now if there is one nationality on the face of the earth which is capable of the most skillful of deception, it is the Chinese.

Nothing can equal them for absolute childish simplicity and candor masking treachery and deceit.

So that Sam Sin's position was a desperate one.

He knew that Hung Ta Mu was looking him through and through. That to be caught in the slightest of prevarications meant "off with your head."

But Sam Sin, despite this, took the most desperate chance.

"Oh, most noble master of the sea," he replied, "I will answer thy question in truth."

"It will save thy head, dog!"

"Most merciful of kings," replied Sam Sin, "know thou that this pretty vessel is the pleasure boat of a noble American, who travels under the sea—"

"Hung Ta drew his yataghan.

"What is that thou sayest?" he thundered.

Sam Sin prostrated himself.

He swore by all the sacred gods of the Chinese that he spoke the truth and would prove it.

"Thou shalt see for thyself," he declared, "that this boat will travel under the sea. Thou shalt ride upon it to the depths unexplored by the divers, where there are mighty pearls as large as apples, and secret palaces of the deep sea gods. All this, most noble master, I swear by Confucius is the sacred truth."

Hung Ta Mu looked about him again. He was pleased with the appearance of the Mole and its rich furnishings.

His vanity was tickled and his cupidity excited. The tale of Sam Sin seemed to him a bit strong, but if not from the bottom of the sea, where else had the boat come from?

If Sam Sin's story was true, and he had really captured a boat which would sail under the sea, where then would be the limit to his powers? Would he not be the greatest of all living Chinamen?

"Slave," he said, sternly, "if thou hast told me the truth, I will make of thee a prince. If thou liest, thou shalt be fearfully dealt with. Where is thy master and the captain of this pretty craft?"

Sam Sin made another salaam.

"At the bottom of the sea, noble sir!" he replied.

"What?" exclaimed Hung Ta Mu, again half unsheathing his blade.

With this Sam Sin undertook to explain to his highness, the pirate, just how Frank and Barney had been able to don helmets and walk about on the bed of the sea.

Hung Ta Mu listened with interest. Next he followed Sam's lead over the vessel.

As well as he could the Chinaman explained the mechanism of the submarine boat. Hung Ta Mu hung upon every word.

At first he was suspicious. But Sam was so plausible and so honest that he was half convinced.

He understood nothing of the principles of electricity, and ascribed the electric dynamos to the curious magic of the captain of this wonderful craft. It only excited his vanity the more.

He was at once possessed with a mighty ambition to become the master of this magic as well.

His eyes shone like fire balls.

What a mighty prize he had captured? What a wonderful thing was revealed to him?

A great resolution at once seized him.

He placed the blade of his yataghan at Sam Sin's throat. It was keen enough to shave the incipient beard from his chin.

"Dog!" he said sternly. "Hung Ta Mu grants thee life if thou wilt swear allegiance to him! Thou shalt show him how to make this boat descend to the depths of the sea, and shall serve him faithfully! Stand free!"

One dextrous slash of the blade and Sam Sin's bonds were cut. The wily laundryman protested earnestly his gratitude, then said:

"Noble master, thou shalt be taken to the most wonderful depths, but thy slave is only the slave of the black man and cooks for him his food, but knows not the sailing of the boat. The black man will sail it for thee."

"Say you so?" said Hung Ta Mu leniently. "Well, he shall have his head, too."

With which he struck off Pomp's bonds. The darky had taken his cue from Sam in a few swift spoken words in English.

But now Sam again prostrated himself and explained that the boat was wedged in the anchor chains of the junk.

Hung Ta Mu saw that this was true, and, going out on deck, gave orders to his men to free the boat from the chains.

Half a hundred stout pirates were at once at work upon the task.

From the cabin window Sam and Pomp watched like hawks. They were looking for a chance to turn the tables on their captor.

Should he remain on deck a moment after the boat was freed success would be theirs, for it would require but a moment for them to press the button which would hermetically seal the boat and send her to the bottom. Then Hung Ta Mu and his associates might swim for their lives.

But as chance had it, the pirate captain came back into the cabin.

He had just entered, when the boat was freed from her encumbrance. Sam Sin gave the signal to Pomp, who was at the keyboard.

Like a flash every door and window closed. The boat gave a quick plunge and went down.

The throng of pirates on her deck, were brushed off into the water like flies. Hung Ta Mu was the only pirate on board.

Simultaneous with the sinking of the boat, the electric lights flashed forth. For a moment Hung Ta Mu was startled.

His keen blade leaped from its sheath, but Sam Sin was prostrated before him.

"It was thy orders, most noble ruler," he declared. "We are thy slaves, and thou art on thy way to the famous wonders of the hidden sea."

In an instant Hung Ta Mu's manner changed. He rushed to the window and looked out. He saw already the white coral reefs below.

Pomp was sending the boat ahead at full speed. It was a bewildering moment to the pirate chief.

But he was charmed. He drew himself up with swelling bosom. He was now master of things beneath as well as above the sea. In what respect was the emperor greater than he?

He strutted about the boat in his consequential way. All the while Pomp and Sam Sin were quietly sawing wood.

They knew that they had accomplished a great triumph. They were alone with Hung Ta Mu. They were two and he was one.

Practically he was their prisoner.

But they did not care to have a drawn combat with him. He was a powerful man, and his sword was very keen.

It would be better to overcome him by strategy, and that the two shrewd fellows were capable of this there was little doubt.

They allowed Hung Ta Mu to revel in his fancied triumph for some while. Meanwhile they were busy developing plans.

At an unobserved moment Pomp conveyed a wire from the pilot house to a chair at the salon table, which had a steel frame.

He made the connection skillfully, and then connected the wires with the dynamos, putting on a stop key in the pilot house.

Meanwhile Sam Sin had been busy in the galley. He now came up with a smoking repast and some bottles of rare wine.

These he placed adroitly upon the table, and prostrated himself before the chair which Pomp had doctored so cleverly.

The ruse worked to a charm.

Hung Ta Mu entered into the spirit of the affair, and seated himself pompously. He poured out some of the wine and raised the glass to his lips.

That was all.

Sam Sin made a quick motion with his hand. Pomp caught it and pressed the button.

Hung Ta Mu gave one fierce leap and hung limp and unconscious over the arm of the chair.

The current had done its work. Pomp had not turned it on with sufficient strength to kill but simply to stun.

With extreme delight the two victorious schemers rushed forward.

Pomp turned a flip flap and Sam Sin went through a curious Chinese dance.

"Lor's-a-massy!" cried the overjoyed coon, "wha' Marse Frank say now? Golly! we's jes' caught de ole chap hisse'f."

"Muhchee big sing!" cried Sam, delightedly. "Catchee pirate, makee us allee rich, takee to Pekin. Emperor makee us allee noble-men."

But no time was lost in securing their prize, for should the giant pirate regain his senses he might make it warm for his captors yet.

The first move was to disarm their prisoner.

The dreadful yataghan was taken from him and a brace of Chinese pistols. The captured pirate wore an immense amount of jewelry of fabulous value, his fingers being covered with rings, but these were not touched.

Hung Ta Mu's arms were bound behind him and then Pomp suggested that they place him in one of the staterooms and secure the door.

This was done.

The pirate captain was hopelessly a prisoner. The two captors glared at him through the grating in the door, and saw him come to his senses.

The rage and discomfiture of Hung Ta Mu when he came to knew no bounds. He raved and struggled like a maniac.

But his struggles were in vain.

He was a hopeless prisoner and unable to escape. Pomp and Sam Sin could safely hurl epithets and taunts at him now.

But while they were thus engaged, there came a sudden shock which hurled them from their feet.

CHAPTER XI.

FRANK AND BARNEY HAVE SOME ADVENTURES.

So excited had the two men been with their capture of Hung Ta Mu, that they had forgotten one very important fact.

This was that the submarine boat had all the while been racing ahead at full speed, and with no guiding hand at the helm.

Pomp had forgotten to check the engines. The result was that the boat had struck just what it was not as yet easy to tell.

As this realization was recalled to Pomp, he experienced a thrill of horror. What if the boat had struck a reef, and a hole had been punched in her?

Their fate would then be sealed. He regained his feet and rushed into the pilot-house.

But a glance through the pilot-house window revealed the truth. Pomp instantly reversed the lever and stopped the engines.

He saw that they were running alongside a high wall of coral. The boat had not struck this full head on, or else it would have been smashed.

But its side had collided with a spur of the wall making a glancing blow, and saving the boat from destruction. It was a fortunate thing. Where were they?

Some little time had elapsed in making a prisoner of Hung Ta Mu. In that period the boat must have run some distance.

But in just what part of the lagoon they were it was not easy to say. Pomp now flashed the search light about, and was given a thrilling start.

On each side were walls of coral; also overhead was a roof of the same material.

Like a flash the truth dawned upon him.

They were in a coral cave.

Where it led he knew not; nor did he have any curiosity to learn. His one thought was to return and find Frank Reade, Jr.

So he was about to reverse the engines and back the boat out of the cavern. But the momentum had carried the craft forward several yards, and now it apparently emerged from the cavern of its own volition.

Pomp was surprised. Then something like a comprehension of the truth dawned upon him.

Doubtless the cavern was only a passage through a section of the deep sea coral reefs, which everywhere were to be found. The boat

had passed through it and there would therefore seem to be no need of making a return.

But the coon was not satisfied.

"Mebbe dat am right, an' mebbe it amn't," he muttered. "I done fink I send dis boat up to de surface an' see whar we am."

With this he opened the tank lever and the boat began to rise. At the same moment he turned out the electric lights.

The boat shot up to the surface. Pomp was given a startling surprise. All was stygian gloom there instead of the daylight he had anticipated.

"Mah soul!" he gasped; "dat am berry funny! Wha' am de mattah? It kain't be so long since we lef' de surface afore dat it am night agin."

"Lightee up!" cried Sam Sin, "bellee darkee blackee man. No slee anyfling at tallee!"

"A' right, Chineel!" replied Pomp. "I'm a little bit twisted dat am all. Mebbe yo' tell me wha' I is?"

Pomp turned on the electric lights. As they flashed out the gleam of water was seen on all sides. They were on the surface.

Pomp turned on the search light and sent its rays flashing about. This resulted in a startling revelation.

"Fo' de lan's sake!" he gasped. "We am in some big cave!"

This was true.

Overhead was the mighty domelike roof of a cavern under which they were. The subterranean body of water in which they were covered fully a score of acres.

They were in some one of the coral chambers which honey-combed the isle. Pomp opened the door and went out on deck, and Sam Sin followed him.

The darky was not altogether pleased with the situation. He was not sure of being able to find his way out of the place.

"Golly, mebbe yo' tole me wha' I is?" he cried dismally.

"Yeppe, me tellee you," replied Sam eagerly. "We in de center island allee samee in pirates' den so be. Mebbe we slee pirates here—ah, I tellee you!"

The Chinaman pointed across the broad surface of the subterranean sea.

Pomp gazed thither in astonishment.

First he saw two little stars of light twinkling on a ledge of rock which seemed to form the shore of the underground sea.

Certainly they denoted the existence of human beings in the place. Whether they were pirates or not remained to be seen.

"Golly, wha' yo' call dat?" asked the coon.

"Turnee lightee ober dere—slee pooty quicke."

Pomp lost no time in turning the search-light in that direction. An astonishing sight was revealed.

Upon the ledge of rock two human figures were seen. Whether they were pirates or not could not be told at that distance.

But Pomp was determined to know. He went back into the pilot-house and turned the boat in that direction.

As it neared the ledge and the two figures they became plainer, and then it was seen that they were making excited gestures toward the boat. Pomp was puzzled.

"Dat am berry queer!" he muttered, then he gave a great shout. "Golly! Golly! it am Marse Frank an' de Fishman, fo' a suttin' fac'. Whoop-la! we'se de people, fo' suah! Oh, I'se done glad!"

And the coon pressed on speed so that the submarine boat shot up with whirlwind speed.

The water was deep and the boat was able to come right alongside the reef.

The next moment Barney and Frank in their diving-suits scrambled aboard.

The joy of that reunion was great. Experiences were quickly recounted, and the amazement of Frank and Barney when they learned that Hung Ta Mu was a captive aboard the Mole was great.

"Well, that beats all," declared Frank; "why, I tell you that gives us the game. We are sure of success now."

Then they recounted their adventures, which for the reader's benefit we may as well render in detail.

When Barney and Frank set out to, as they supposed, retrace their steps through the subterranean passage, they were filled with many misgivings.

For a long while they plodded on and did not seem any nearer the outlet to the passage.

It was a horrible sense of despair which hung over them. But yet they persevered and kept on.

Suddenly the passage came to an end.

Then to their joy the bottom began to trend upward and it seemed that they were nearing the surface. This was encouraging.

It seemed an interminable length of time that they crept upward. Then suddenly Frank's head and shoulders emerged from the water.

He gave a gasp of joy, but was unable to see where he was, for all was pitchy darkness about.

The feeble light of the helmet lamp only sufficed to show that they were upon a ledge of rocks, and a cliff was back of them.

However, the two divers crept out and removed their helmets. The air was chill and damp.

"Bejabers, are we on shore at lasht, Misther Frank?" cried the Celt. "Shure phwat point is it?"

"Well," said the young inventor, in a puzzled manner, "it must be that we wandered about down there all day, for it seems to be night here."

The Celt sniffed the air.

"Divil a bit!" he said.

"Eh?" exclaimed Frank.

"Shure, sor, I don't believe a bit av it. Do yez moind the dampness av this place? On me worr'd I believe it's in some cavern we are."

Frank crept to the wall of the cliff and examined it carefully. Then he drew a deep breath.

"Barney, you're right," he declared, "we are in a cavern."

"Shure thin," declared the Celt, "we're jist as bad off as iver we wor!"

Frank clutched the Celt's arm.

"Unless," he said, "we are in the sugar loaf mountain and the stronghold of Hung Ta Mu."

The Celt gave a start.

"Begorra, Misther Frank, that's phwere we are to be shure," he cried, "it's loikely we'll see some av thim comin' this way afore long."

"I hope that will prove true," agreed Frank, "so for the present let us remain here until we get a bit rested. Ugh! how chilly it is!"

"Shure sor, there's wan way to warrum the inner crayther," declared Barney.

"Ah, how is that?"

"Wid a bit of 'baccy an' a poipe."

"By Jove, that is right!" agreed Frank. "A capital idea!"

From under his rubber suit Barney had produced a plug of tobacco, a dudeen and matches intact.

"Shure it's here at your service, sor," he said.

"Not a bit of it, thank you," said Frank, refusing the generous offer; "I have a cigar."

And in two minutes the two exhausted men were solacing themselves with a smoke.

After finishing this they felt much rested, and arising, Frank led the way along the ledgy shore. Suddenly he came to a stop.

Far in the distance he saw a dull glow of light. He watched it intently.

"Do you see that, Barney?" he whispered. "We have, indeed, found our way into Hung Ta Mu's stronghold."

"Begorra, ye're roight."

The two explorers were now all intent upon the task before them. This was to approach as near as possible to the den of the pirates.

So they went on at a rapid pace down the long passage. It seemed an interminable ways.

But every moment brought the light nearer. Soon moving figures were seen.

Then the two explorers came nearer, and saw a huge high arched chamber. The scene spread before them baffled description.

Hundreds of coolies were rushing in and out with packs upon their backs. These were piled up in different quarters of the cavern.

A great fire of pitchwood and oil lit up the place in a weird manner, and lent a strange, unearthly appearance to the spectacle.

Frank and Barney watched it with deep fascination for some while; then they drew nearer.

Frank led the way.

The young inventor had a deep purpose in his mind. If possible he would give succor to the woman captive, who he knew was in some upper chamber.

It was not a difficult matter to skulk behind the bales and bundles of the looted cargo. Soon they had reached the further end of the cabin.

And here, crouching behind the heap of merchandise, Frank was given a mighty start. He saw rude steps carved in stone leading down from a winding passage above. Two guards were stationed here, armed to the teeth.

CHAPTER XII.

WHICH ENDS THE NARRATIVE.

THERE was no doubt in Frank's mind but that the stone stairway led up to chambers carved out of the sandstone above. This was the retreat and fortress of Hung Ta Mu.

There was no doubt but that this was the only way to reach the prison chamber of the lady captive. But how could one pass these guards?

It was plainly impossible.

"By Jove!" whispered the young inventor, "I wish I knew of some way to get past them!"

"Begorra, we'd risk tackling thim av it was not in plain soight av the others," declared Barney.

"Oh, that could not be done. Heigho! what is this?"

Frank held his breath with amazement. Down the stairs, attended by two Chinese women, came a tall young girl, pallid but beautiful as a dream.

She was richly dressed and evidently of high birth. Truly she was a prize which Hung Ta Mu had done well to capture.

She came down past the guards with the attendants and stood for a time watching the coolies. Then a very strange and miraculous thing happened.

She suddenly turned and walked directly toward the spot where Frank and Barney were secreted.

They were lying flat behind a large bale of goods. By some curious chance the fair captive sat down on this.

Frank's heart beat wildly. What a mighty chance this was. He could hardly believe his good luck.

Presently the two maiden attendants engaged in conversation with the guards, leaving the captive alone. A better chance could not be desired.

Frank was for a moment at a loss what to do. He studied the face of the young girl.

He saw that it was firm and resolute, the features of one with a strong will and much self reliance. This decided him.

"A friend is near," he said, in a clear voice just pitched to reach her ears, "do not move or you will betray him and all is lost."

For an instant the light form swayed, the face flushed, and she seemed about to give way to her excitement. Then she turned her head slowly and saw Frank's face below.

"Heaven be praised!" she said in a soft voice. "You are the brave man I saw from my chamber window a few hours ago!"

"I am!"

"Then they did not kill you, as they have every other, who has ventured to come upon this isle?"

"I am here!"

"Were you sent to rescue me?"

"No!" and then succinctly Frank told the story of his presence here. The girl listened with interest and whispered:

"Oh, Heaven, if you could only rescue me. You have a submarine boat. That is wonderful. You Americans are brilliant. My father is the English commandant at Hong Kong. Colonel Archibald Thorpe. I am Agnes, his only daughter. I will tell you how I came here."

"One day we were all out in the harbor in our pleasure boat. There were in our party several ladies and gentlemen of the English nobility whom I need not name, and Edward Faulkner, the young man to whom I was to have been married."

"Not dreaming of danger we ventured a little beyond the harbor limits. A gale arose and our boat became unmanageable and sprung a leak. We tried to make the harbor, but darkness shut down about us."

"As the boat seemed certain to go down, the small boat was got out and lowered over the side. Two sailors held it and I was the first one lowered into it."

"Before any of the others could follow, a great wave tore the boat away and that was the last I saw of my friends. Alone I was tossed about in the small boat until the gale went down. Then a great junk picked me up and I thought myself saved."

"The Chinese captain promised to take me home, but instead brought me here. Then I discovered that I was in the hands of the vile pirate, Hung Ta Mu."

"He refused me my liberty and declares that I shall be his bride. Oh, how I have prayed for rescue! I am allowed the liberty of these caverns, but closely attended, as you see. Oh, heaven will reward you if you can save me."

Frank had listened with deepest interest to this thrilling tale. Then he made reply:

"I will rescue you if it is within human power to do so!"

"Heaven bless you!" she said, fervently. "I will follow you now, if you say!"

"No, that would be rash," replied Frank, "that would be folly. But we will return from this cavern the way we came, and bring our submarine boat back with us to the inner lake, and then we will come here for you. Come to this spot as often as you can. We will watch here, and at the right moment make a dash and carry you away with us!"

"Your plan is wise!" she replied. "I will obey you!"

Frank now communicated his plan to Barney. The Celt approved of it, and then with a parting word they slipped back into the gloom of the passage.

They had just reached the ledgy shore of the subterranean lake when a great light burst upon their vision. A glance was enough.

"Heaven is with us, Barney!" cried Frank, wildly. "That is the search-light of the Mole!"

"Bejabbers, and there she is as plain as anything!" cried the Celt.

The reader is familiar with the succeeding incidents; and now Frank proposed to carry out his plan of rescue.

They had not been many minutes absent from the inner cavern, and it was possible that Agnes Thorpe was there yet.

Frank proposed to return with Barney and make the attempt at rescue if possible.

"It is possible that we shall find her there!" he cried. "If so, all will be easy."

All arrangements were quickly made, and the two rescuers slipped away. They were gone some time.

Cautiously Barney and Frank made their way back along the passage. Soon they came again to the chamber where the coolies were at work.

To Frank's joy he saw Agnes yet seated where he had left her. He crept up behind the pile of merchandise, and touched her arm.

"Come!" he whispered.

Not a muscle in the young girl's face quivered. She carelessly arose and walked into the gloom. The two attendants did not at once follow her, suspecting nothing.

And the trio were half on their way to the submarine boat before the sounds of pursuit were heard in their rear.

Of course they reached the boat in safety.

Once in the cabin the pirates could be set at defiance. Then Pomp sunk the boat.

Some little difficulty was experienced in finding the exit from the subterranean lake. But after a time the passage was made and they emerged into the lagoon.

It was a great triumph for the submarine voyagers. Success had crowned their efforts.

They had certainly solved the mystery of the Magic Island, had rescued the fair captive and made a prisoner of Hung Ta Mu.

Sam Sin was in a transport of keenest delight.

"Dis makee big man oh Sam Sin," he cried. "Emperor reward him, you see. Makee big monee. Slay in him own countee now!"

"Then you won't return to America with us, Sam?" asked Frank.

"Nopel! Me richiee nuff now," replied the laundryman. "Emperor makee me big man!"

"Well, I'm glad of that," declared Frank, "but now the question is, what is to be done?"

Quite a long consultation was held. The result was that it was decided to leave the Magic Island at once.

The Mole would proceed at once to Hong Kong.

Here Sam Sin could take charge of the distinguished prisoner, Hung Ta Mu, and reap whatever reward from his capture that he was able to.

Agnes Thorpe would be restored to her friends, and then the Mole would start upon her return voyage. All this was at once decided.

But before leaving the lagoon, Frank had decided to give one blow at the pirates. He sailed under the big junk and fixed a torpedo to her bottom.

Then paying out a quarter of a mile of wire, he sent the Mole to the surface.

The scene presented was a thrilling one. The shore and the decks were alive with the excited pirates. The non-return of their chief from the deep sea expedition, had alarmed them greatly.

It was to them quite patent that "foreign devils" had carried him away forever. In one sense they were right.

When the submarine boat emerged from the depths of the lagoon, Frank touched the electric button.

There was a tremendous upheaval of water about the big junk. Then she settled quickly, and the coolies, like flies, began to leap from her decks.

In less than ten minutes she was resting upon the bottom of the lagoon. Her piratical career was at an end.

There was no need of remaining longer on the Magic Island. It was better to leave the punishment of the rest of the pirates to the Chinese government.

It was easy to find the circuitous channel leading out of the lagoon. Soon the submarine boat was at sea.

Straight across the China Sea her course was laid.

The happiest person on board was Agnes Thorpe. Her fate had once looked hopeless to her.

Her gratitude to Frank Reade, Jr., was of the deepest kind.

But poor Sam Sin was cheated of his greatest triumph. One day Hung Ta Mu came out of his ravings long enough to be rational and sent for Sam Sin.

"I am thy prisoner, dog!" he said. "What wilt thou do with me?"

"Nothing, sire," replied Sam, with an obeisance, "that is the will of thy master, the Sun of the World, our Emerpor."

"So you will take me to the Emperor?"

"I will, sire."

"Know thou what will be my fate?"

"I can guess," replied Sam suavely.

"I shall lose my head. That will profit thee little. Why dost thou seek my life? I'll treat with thee and reward thee in ten times what thou wilt receive from the Emperor."

Sam Sin rubbed his hands.

"But the honor," he said, and the subject dropped. But Hung Ta Mu had no intention of facing the Emperor or a tribunal of justice.

The next morning when Sam went to the prisoner's cell he found a corpse. In some adroit manner Hung Ta Mu had imbibed a Chinese poison, and thus thwarted justice.

But Sam Sin was not to be defeated. He embalmed the body, and when Hong Kong was reached set out with it to Pekin.

And he met with success. The Emperor sent a war-ship to the Magic Island and exterminated the pirates. Hung Ta Mu's reign on the sea ended.

And Sam Sin was made a nobleman of the first class, and ever afterward dwelt in flowery ease.

Agnes Thorpe was restored to the arms of her family and her lover in Hong Kong most happily. Frank Reade, Jr., was given a great reception there.

But he did not tarry long in China. Already Barney and Pomp were home-sick, so the submarine boat was turned homeward. It made the voyage stanchly, though the delicate construction of the electric engines precluded another voyage. But Frank did not mind this.

"I will build another some time," he said.

And until such time let us bid him a hearty farewell.

[THE END.]

Useful and Instructive Books.

HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent free of postage upon receipt of the price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also, experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equalled. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or it will be sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO PLAY GAMES.—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of Billiards, Bagatelle, Backgammon, Croquet, Dominoes, etc. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.—Every boy should know how inventions originate. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc., etc. The most instructive book published. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.—Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. A handy and useful book. Price 10 cents. For sale by every newsdealer in the United States and Canada, or will be sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of the price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping, and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent, postpaid, to your address, on receipt of price, by Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro-magnetism, together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A.M., M.D. Containing over fifty illustrations. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.—Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of ten cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also, tricks with cards, incantations, etc. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent to your address, postage free, upon receipt of price. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.—It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cement, æolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States or Canada, or sent to your address, post paid, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, post paid, on receipt of the price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oracleum," the book of fate. For sale by every newsdealer in the United States and Canada. Price 10 cents, or we will send it to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe, and will cost you but 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States or Canada, or sent to any address, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO BOX.—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor. Only 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, post paid, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

Frank Tousey's Hand Books.

Containing Useful Information on Almost Every Subject Under the Sun. Price 10 Cents Per Copy.

No. 1. Napoleon's Oraculum and Dream Book.

Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book. Price 10 cents.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.

The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction of all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy, as it will both amuse and instruct. Price 10 cents.

No. 3. HOW TO FLIRT.

The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtations, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one. Price 10 cents.

No. 4. HOW TO DANCE

Is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances. The price is 10 cents.

No. 5. HOW TO MAKE LOVE.

A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known. Price 10 cents.

No. 6. HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.

Giving full instruction for the use of dumb-bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book. Price 10 cents.

No. 7. HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.

Handsomely illustrated, and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, parakeet, parrot, etc., etc. Price 10 cents.

No. 8. HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.

A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also, experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equalled. Price 10 cents.

No. 9. HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.

By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it. Price 10 cents.

No. 10. HOW TO BOX.

The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor. Price 10 cents.

No. 11. HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.

A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them; also giving specimen letters for both young and old. Price 10 cents.

No. 12. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.

Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also, letters of introduction, notes and requests. Price 10 cents.

No. 13. How to Do It; or, Book of Etiquette.

It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. Send 10 cents and get it. There's happiness in it.

No. 14. HOW TO MAKE CANDY.

A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc. Price 10 cents.

No. 15. HOW TO BECOME RICH.

This wonderful book presents you with the example and life experience of some of the most noted and wealthy men in the world, including the self-made men of our country. The book is edited by one of the most successful men of the present age, whose own example is in itself guide enough for those who aspire to fame and money. The book will give you the secret. Price 10 cents.

No. 16. HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.

Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published. Price 10 cents.

No. 17. HOW TO DRESS.

Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up. Price 10 cents.

No. 18. HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.

One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful. Price 10 cents.

No. 19. FRANK TOUSEY'S United States Distance Tables, Pocket Companion and Guide.

Giving the official distances on all the railroads of the United States and Canada. Also, table of distances by water to foreign ports, hack fares in the principal cities, reports of the census, etc., etc., making it one of the most complete and handy books published. Price 10 cents.

No. 20. How to Entertain an Evening Party.

A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card-diversions, comic recreations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published. Price 10 cents.

No. 21. HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.

The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish. Price 10 cents.

No. 22. HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.

Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight. Price 10 cents.

No. 23. HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.

Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate. Price 10 cents.

No. 24. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.

Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects; also giving sample letters for instruction. Price 10 cents.

No. 25. HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.

Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. A handy and useful book. Price 10 cents.

No. 26. HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.

Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating. Price 10 cents.

No. 27. HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.

Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings. Price 10 cents.

No. 28. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.

Every one is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortunes of your friends. Price 10 cents.

No. 29. HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.

Every boy should know how inventions originate. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc., etc. The most instructive book published. Price 10 cents.

No. 30. HOW TO COOK.

One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks. Only 10 cents per copy.

No. 31. HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.

Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible. Price 10 cents.

No. 32. HOW TO RIDE A BICYCLE.

Handsomely illustrated, and containing full directions for mounting, riding and managing a bicycle, fully explained with practical illustrations; also directions for picking out a machine. Price 10 cents.

No. 33. HOW TO BEHAVE.

Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theater, church, and in the drawing room. Price 10 cents.

No. 34. HOW TO FENCE.

Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broadsword; also instruction in archery. Described with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book. Price 10 cents.

No. 35. HOW TO PLAY GAMES.

A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc. Price 10 cents.

No. 36. HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.

Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings. Price 10 cents.

No. 37. HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.

It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, solian harps, and bird lime for catching birds. Price 10 cents.

No. 38. HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.

A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints. Price 10 cents.

No. 39. How to Raise Dogs, Poultry, Pigeons and Rabbits.

A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drowfaw. Price 10 cents.

No. 40. HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.

Including hints on how to catch Moles, Weasels, Otter, Rats, Squirrels and Birds. Also how to cure Skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene. Price 10 cents.

No. 41. The Boys of New York End Men's Joke Book.

Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book. Price 10 cents.

No. 42. The Boys of New York Stump Speaker.

Containing a varied assortment of Stump Speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also End Men's Jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows. Price 10 cents.

For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, post-paid, upon receipt of price. Address

Box 2730.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 34 & 36 North Moore Street, New York.

Latest Issues of THE 5 CENT COMIC LIBRARY.

- No.
74 An Old Boy; or, Maloney After Education, by Tom Teaser
75 Tambling Tim; or, Traveling With a Circus, by Peter Pad
76 Judge Cleary's Country Court, by Tom Teaser
77 Jack Ready's School Scrapes, by Peter Pad
78 Muldoon, the Solid Man, by Tom Teaser
79 Joe Junk, the Whaler; or, Anywhere for Fun, by Peter Pad
80 The Deacon's Son; or, The Imp of the Village, by Tom Teaser
81 Behind the Scenes; or, Out With a New York Combination, by Peter Pad
82 The Funny Four, by Peter Pad
83 Muldoon's Base Ball Club, by Tom Teaser
84 Muldoon's Base Ball Club in Boston, by Tom Teaser
85 A Bad Egg; or, Hard to Crack, by Tom Teaser
86 Sam; or, The Troublesome Foundling, by Peter Pad
87 Muldoon's Base Ball Club in Philadelphia, by Tom Teaser
88 Jimmy Grimes; or, Sharp, Smart and Sassy, by Tom Teaser
89 Little Tommy Bounce; or, Something Like His Dad, by Peter Pad
90 Muldoon's Picnic, by Tom Teaser
91 Little Tommy Bounce on His Travels; or, Doing America for Fun, by Peter Pad
92 Boarding-School; or, Sam Bowser at Work and Play, by Peter Pad
93 Next Door; or, The Irish Twins, by Tom Teaser
94 The Aldermen Sweeneys of New York, by Tom Teaser
95 A Bad Boy's Note Book, by "Ed"
96 A Bad Boy at School, by "Ed"
97 Jimmy Grimes, Jr.; or, the Torment of the Village, by Tom Teaser
98 Jack and Jim; or, Rackets and Scrapes at School, by Tom Teaser
99 The Book Agent's Luck, by "Ed"
100 Muldoon's Boarding House, by Tom Teaser
101 Muldoon's Brother Dan, by Tom Teaser
102 The Traveling Dude; or, The Comical Adventures of Clarence Fitz Roy Jones, by Tom Teaser
103 Senator Muldoon, by Tom Teaser
104 The Shortys' Minstrels; or, Working the Same Old Rackets, by Peter Pad
105 The Comical Adventures of Two Dudes, by Tom Teaser
106 Muldoon, the Cop. Part I, by Tom Teaser
107 Muldoon, the Cop. Part II, by Tom Teaser
108 Billy Moss; or, From One Thing to Another, by Tom Teaser
109 Thrilling Jack; or, On Board the Nancy Jane, by Tom Teaser
110 Fred Fresh; or, As Green as Grass, by Tom Teaser
111 The Deacon's Boy; or, The Worst in Town, by Peter Pad
112 Johnny Brown & Co. at School; or, The Deacon's Boy at His Old Tricks, by Peter Pad
113 Jim, Jack and Jim; or, Three Hard Nuts to Crack, by Tom Teaser
114 Smart & Co., the Boy Peddlers, by Peter Pad
115 The Two Boy Clowns; or, A Summer With a Circus, by Tom Teaser
116 Benny Bounce; or, A Block of the Old Chip, by Peter Pad
117 Young Dick Plunket; or, The Trials and Tribulations of Ebenezer Crow, by Sam Smiley
118 Muldoon in Ireland; or, The Solid Man on the Old Sod, by Tom Teaser
119 Muldoon's Grocery Store. Part I, by Tom Teaser
120 Muldoon's Grocery Store. Part II, by Tom Teaser
121 Bob Bright; or, A Boy of Business and Fun. Part I, by Tom Teaser
122 Bob Bright; or, A Boy of Business and Fun. Part II, by Tom Teaser
123 Muldoon's Trip Around the World. Part I, by Tom Teaser
124 Muldoon's Trip Around the World. Part II, by Peter Pad
125 Muldoon's Hotel. Part I, by Tom Teaser
126 Muldoon's Hotel. Part II, by Tom Teaser
127 Muldoon's Christmas, by Tom Teaser
128 The Shortys' Christmas Rackets, by Peter Pad
129 Sam Smart, Jr.; or, Following in the Footsteps of His Dad. Part I, by Peter Pad
130 Sam Smart, Jr.; or, Following in the Footsteps of His Dad. Part II, by Peter Pad
131 Three of Us; or, Hustling for Boodle and Fun. Part I, by Tom Teaser
132 Three of Us; or, Hustling for Boodle and Fun. Part II, by Tom Teaser
133 Out For Fun; or, Six Months With a Short and a Long, by Tom Teaser
134 Dick Duck, the Boss of the Town, by Tom Teaser
135 The Shortys Doing Europe; or, On a Grand Tour for Fun. Part I, by Sam Smiley
136 The Shortys Doing Europe; or, On a Grand Tour for Fun. Part II, by Sam Smiley
137 Aunt Maria; or, She Thought She Knew It All, by Sam Smiley
138 Muldoon In Chicago; or, The Solid Man at the World's Fair, by Tom Teaser
139 Cousin Harry; or, An English Boy in America. Part I, by Sam Smiley
140 Cousin Harry; or, An English Boy in America. Part II, by Sam Smiley
141 A New Tommy Bounce; or, The Worst of the Lot. Part I, by Sam Smiley
142 A New Tommy Bounce; or, The Worst of the Lot. Part II, by Sam Smiley
143 Stump; or, "Little, But, Oh, My!" by Peter Pad
144 Stump; or, "Little, But, Oh, My!" Part II, by Peter Pad
145 Shoo-Fly; or, Nobody's Moke. Part I, by Tom Teaser
146 Shoo-Fly; or, Nobody's Moke. Part II, by Tom Teaser
147 Chips and Chin Chin, the Two Orphans. Part I, by Peter Pad
148 Chips and Chin Chin, the Two Orphans. Part II, by Peter Pad

All the above libraries are for sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Address

P. O. Box 2730.

Latest Issues of Frank Reade Library

By "Noname."

Price 5 Cents.

- No.
91 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search For a Lost Man in His Latest Air Wonder.
92 Frank Reade, Jr., In Central India; or, The Search For the Lost Savants.
93 The Missing Island; or, Frank Reade Jr.'s Wonderful Trip Under the Deep Sea.
94 Over the Andes With Frank Reade, Jr., in His New Air-Ship; or, Wild Adventures in Peru.
95 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Prairie Whirlwind; or, The Mystery of the Hidden Canyon.
96 Under the Yellow Sea; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search for the Cave of Pearls With His New Submarine Cruiser.
97 Around the Horizon for Ten Thousand Miles; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Wonderful Trip With His Air-Ship.
98 Frank Reade, Jr.'s "Sky Scraper"; or, North and South Around the World.
99 Under the Equator from Ecuador to Borneo; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Greatest Submarine Voyage.
100 From Coast to Coast; or, Frank Reade Jr.'s Trip Across Africa in His Electric "Boomerang."
101 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Electric Car; or, Outwitting a Desperate Gang.
102 Lost in the Mountains of the Moon; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Great Trip With His New Air-Ship, the "Scud."
103 100 Miles Below the Surface of the Sea; or, The Marvelous Trip of Frank Reade, Jr.'s "Hard-Shell" Submarine Boat.
104 Abandoned in Alaska; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Thrilling Search for a Lost Gold Claim With His New Electric Wagon.
105 Around the Arctic Circle; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Most Famous Trip With His Air-Ship, the "Orbit."
106 Under Four Oceans; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Submarine Chase of a "Sea Devil."
107 From the Nile to the Niger; or, Frank Reade, Jr., Lost in the Sudan With His "Overland Omnibus."
108 The Chase of a Comet; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Most Wonderful Trip With His New Air-Ship the "Flash."
109 Lost in the Great Undertow; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Submarine Cruise in the Gulf Stream.
110 From Tropic to Tropic; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Latest Tour With His Bicycle Car.
111 To the End of the Earth in an Air-Ship; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Great Mid-Air Flight.
112 The Underground Sea; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Subterranean Cruise in His Submarine Boat.
113 The Mysterious Mirage; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Desert Search for a Secret City With His New Overland Chaise.
114 The Electric Island; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search for the Greatest Wonder on Earth With His Air-Ship, the "Flight."
115 For Six Weeks Buried in a Deep Sea Cave; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Great Submarine Search.
116 The Galleon's Gold; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Deep Sea Search.
117 Across Australia With Frank Reade, Jr., in His New Electric Car; or, Wonderful Adventures in the Antipodes.
118 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Greatest Flying Machine; or, Fighting the Terror of the Coast.
119 On the Great Meridian With Frank Reade, Jr., in His New Air-Ship; or, A Twenty-Five Thousand Mile Trip in Mid-Air.
120 Under the Indian Ocean With Frank Reade, Jr.; or, A Cruise in a Submarine Boat.
121 Astray in the Selvas; or, The Wild Experiences of Frank Reade, Jr., Barney and Pomp, in South America With the Electric Cab.
122 Lost in a Comet's Tail; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Strange Adventure With His New Air-Ship.
123 Six Sunken Pirates; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Marvelous Adventures in the Deep Sea.
124 Beyond the Gold Coast; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Overland Trip With His Electric Phaeton.
125 Lost in Mid-Air; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Most Wonderful Mid-Air Flight.
126 Afloat in a Sunken Forest; or, With Frank Reade, Jr., on a Submarine Cruise.
127 Across the Desert of Fire; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Marvelous Trip to a Strange Country.
128 Over Two Continents; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Long Distance Trip With His New Air-Ship.
129 The Coral Labyrinth; or, Lost With Frank Reade, Jr., in a Deep Sea Cave.
130 Along the Orinoco; or, With Frank Reade, Jr., in Venezuela.
131 Across the Earth; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Latest Trip With His New Air-Ship.
132 1,000 Fathoms Deep; or, With Frank Reade, Jr., in the Sea of Gold.
133 The Island in the Air; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Trip to the Tropics.
134 In the Wild Man's Land; or, With Frank Reade, Jr., in the Heart of Australia.
135 The Sunken Islands; or, With Frank Reade, Jr., in the Yucatan Channel With His New Submarine Yacht the "Sea Diver."
136 The Lost Caravan; or, Frank Reade, Jr., on the Staked Plains With His "Electric Racer."
137 The Transient Lake; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Adventures in a Mysterious Country With His New Air-Ship, the "Specter."
138 The Weird Island; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Strange Submarine Search for a Deep Sea Wonder.
139 The Abandoned Country; or, Frank Reade, Jr., Exploring a New Continent.
140 Over the Steppes; or, Adrift in Asia With Frank Reade, Jr.
141 The Unknown Sea; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Underwater Cruise.
142 In the Black Zone; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Quest for the Mountain of Ivory.

Latest Issues of Young Sleuth Library.

By the author of "Young Sleuth."

Price 5 Cents.

- No.
80 Young Sleuth and Billy the Kid Number Two; or, The Hidden Ranch of the Panhandle.
81 Young Sleuth's Master Stroke; or, The Lady Detective's Many Masks.
82 Murdered in a Mask; or, Young Sleuth at the French Ball.
83 Young Sleuth in Paris; or, The Keen Detective and the Bomb-Throwers.
84 Young Sleuth and the Italian Brigands; or, The Keen Detective's Greatest Rescue.
85 Young Sleuth and a Dead Man's Secret; or, The Message in the Handle of a Dagger.
86 Young Sleuth Decoyed; or, The Woman of Fire.
87 Young Sleuth and the Runaway Circus Boys; or, Following a Pair of Wild New York Lads.
88 Young Sleuth at Atlantic City; or, The Great Seaside Mystery.
89 Young Sleuth, the Detective in Chicago; or, Unraveling a Mystery.
90 The Man in the Safe; or, Young Sleuth as a Bank Detective.
91 Young Sleuth and the Phantom Detective; The or, Trail of the Dead.
92 Young Sleuth and the Girl in the Mask; or, The Lady Monte Cristo of Baltimore.
93 Young Sleuth and the Corsican Knife-Thrower; or, The Mystery of the Murdered Actress.
94 Young Sleuth and the Cashier's Crime; or, The Evidence of a Dead Witness.
95 Young Sleuth in the Tolls; or, The Death Traps of New York.
96 Young Sleuth and the Miser's Ghost; or, A Hunt For Hidden Money.
97 Young Sleuth as a Dead Game Sport; or, The Keen Detective's Ruse for \$10,000.
98 Young Sleuth and the Gypsies' Gold; or, The Package Marked "Z."
99 Young Sleuth and Policy Pete, the Sharper King; or, The Keen Detective's Lottery Game.
100 Young Sleuth in the Sewers of New York; or, Keen Work from Broadway to the Bowery.
101 Young Sleuth and the Mad Bell Ringer; or, The Secret of the Old Church Tower.
102 Young Sleuth's Unknown; or, The Man who Came Behind.
103 Young Sleuth's Great Swamp Search; or, The Miss-Girl of Everglade.
104 Young Sleuth and the Mad Doctor; or, The Seven Poisoned Powders.
105 Young Sleuth's Big Bluff; or, Simple Sallie's Mission.
106 Young Sleuth's Great Contract; or, The Keen Detective's Double Game.
107 Young Sleuth's Night Watch; or, The Keen Detective Guarding Millions.
108 Young Sleuth and the Mystery of the Dark Room; or, The Crime of the Photograph Gallery.
109 Young Sleuth and the Gold Ship Robbery; or, Beating Bold Crooks on an Ocean Steamer.
110 Young Sleuth and the Great Mine Mystery; or, Murdered Under Ground.
111 Young Sleuth and the Runaway Heiress; or, A Girl Worth Millions Among Desperate Crooks.
112 Young Sleuth and the Haunted Mill; or, The Phantom Mystery of Dark Dell.
113 Young Sleuth and the Millionaire Tramp; or, Diamonds Under Rags.
114 Young Sleuth and the Masked Bather of Atlantic City; or, The Mystery of a Crime of the Surf.
115 Young Sleuth and the Mad Artist; or, The Crime of the Studio.
116 Young Sleuth's Best Find; or, The Secret of the Iron Chest.
117 Young Sleuth's Lady Ferret; or, The Keen Detective's Beautiful Spy.
118 Young Sleuth and a Wolf in Sheep's Clothing; or, Unraveling the Prince of Impostors.
119 Young Sleuth's Boy Pupil; or, The Keen Detective's Street Boy Pard.
120 Young Sleuth and the Sidewalk Prince; or, Neck to Neck With Hidden Foes.
121 Young Sleuth and the Mysterious Model; or, The Secret of a Murdered Artist.
122 Young Sleuth and the Lady Physician; or, The Mystery of the Poisoned Cup.
123 Young Sleuth and the Actor's Strange Crime; or, The Murder Before the Footlights.
124 Young Sleuth and the Madhouse Mystery; or, The Mystic Sign of 7.
125 Young Sleuth and the Mystery of the Mill on the Marsh; or, The Indian Doctor's Dark Plot.
126 Young Sleuth and the Female Snake Charmer; or, The Handcuffed Man of the Iron Room.
127 Young Sleuth and the Twin Newsboys; or, The Queen of the Green Goods Men Outwitted.
128 Young Sleuth and Lost Mr. Medway; or, the Hand Upon the Quicksand.
129 Young Sleuth and the Copper Mine Mystery; or, The Detective's Underground Clew.
130 Young Sleuth and the Slaves of the Silver Dagger; or, The Mystery of the New Aladdin.
131 Young Sleuth and the Lady Diamond Sharp; or, Desperate Play for Priceless Jewels.
132 Young Sleuth and the Broadway Window Smasher; or, The Diamond Thief's Last Haunt.
133 Young Sleuth and the Boy Fence of the Bowery; or, Old Moll's Game for Gold.
134 Young Sleuth and the Fatal Postage Stamp; or, Murdered by Mail.
135 Young Sleuth and the Fire Escape Crook; or, The Keen Detective's Battle in Mid Air.
136 Young Sleuth and the Midnight Moonshiners; or, The Trail of the Mountain League.
137 Young Sleuth and the Man in the Gray Coat; or, The Mystery of a Murder Without a Motive.
138 Young Sleuth and the Boy Baseball Captain; or, Happy Harry's Great Home Run.
139 Young Sleuth and the Camping Out Club; or, The Mystery of Green Woods Camp.
140 Young Sleuth and the Boy Circus Rider; or, Baffling a Poor Lad's Foes.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 34 & 36 North Moore Street, New York.